WALPOLE AND MADAME DU DEFFAND

The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XXI No. 9 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1939 FIFTEEN CENTS

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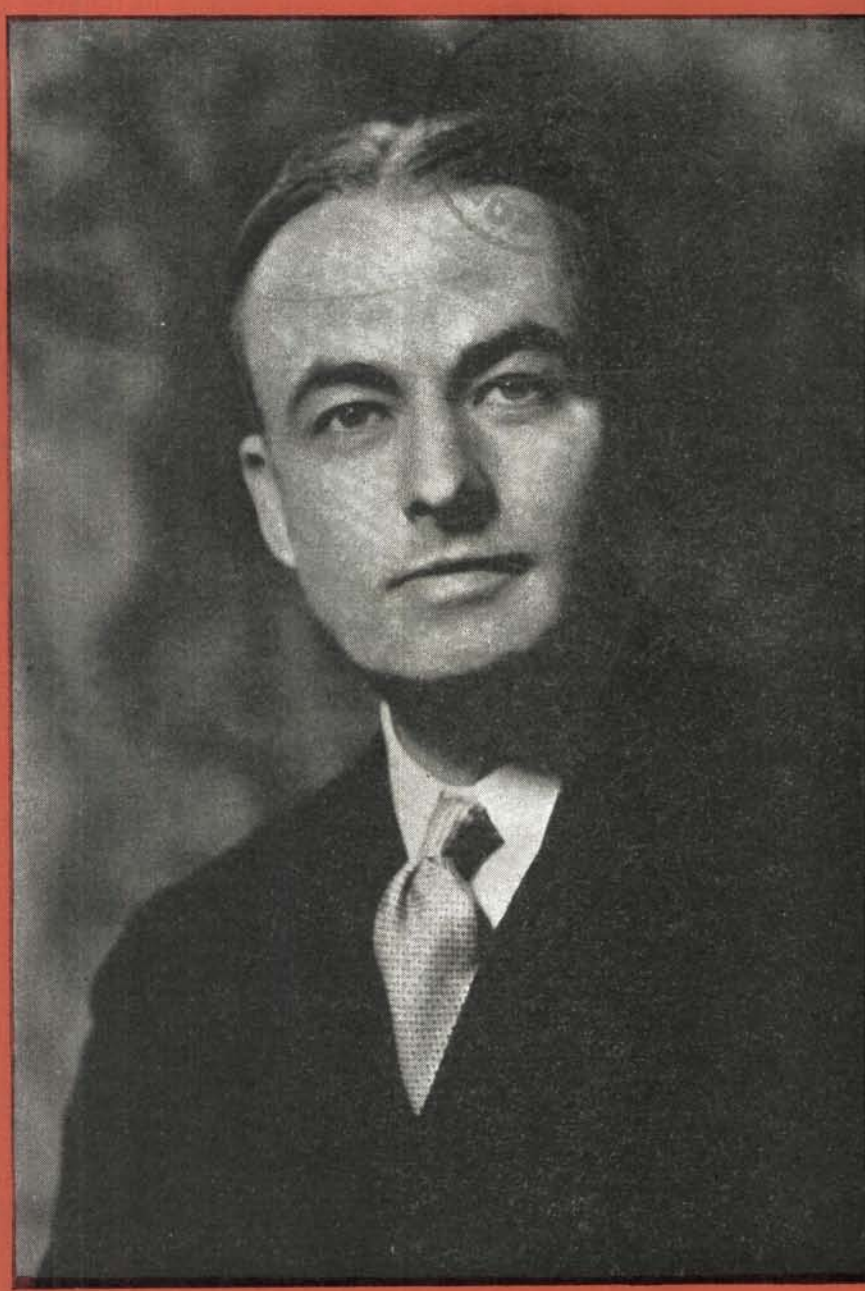

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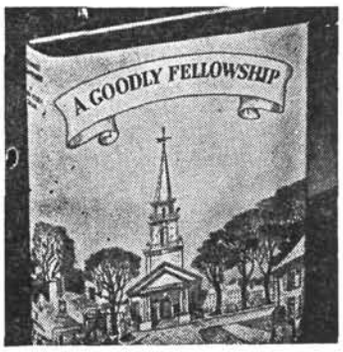

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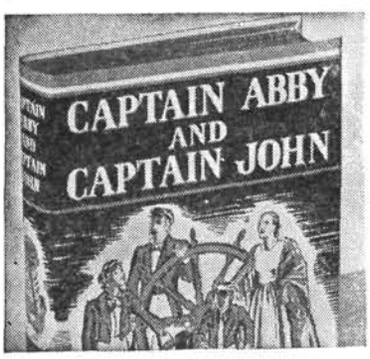

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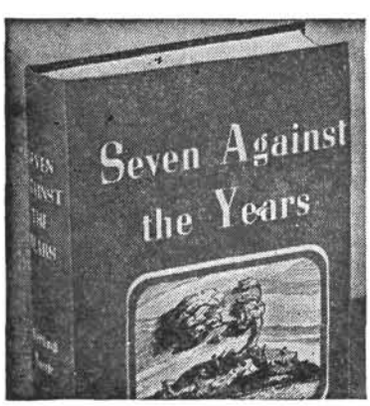

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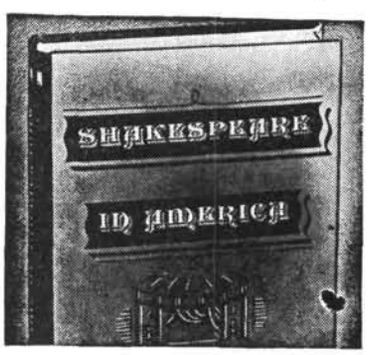

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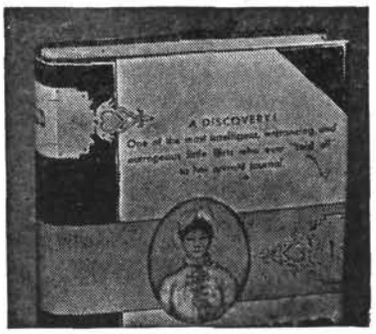

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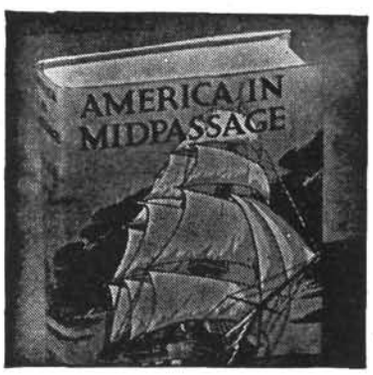

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Walpole's "Dear Old Frenchwoman"

BY LEONARD BACON

Madame du Deffand: portrait by Carmontelle

TWENTY-SIX years ago, a bare twelvemonth before the crack-up of what may be called the *ancien régime,* Lytton Strachey, unaware of what volcano-rim he stood on, saluted with gelid enthusiasm the appearance of Mrs. Paget Toynbee's edition of the correspondence of Mme. du Deffand and Horace Walpole. His essay was brilliant like everything he ever wrote and more than usually illuminated by that "unfeeling sympathy" which was at times his glory and at others his shame. The contrasts glare with color. The chrome-steel antitheses have their hard glitter. The reader is uncomfortably aware of an analogy with a sort of super-intern, to whom the splendors and miseries of the hospital have become routine, to be treated as such, the official comment being "prognosis unfavorable." As was said by them of old time, one would not have had him write otherwise than he thought. But with all deference to the memory of a great writer, "one would have had him think otherwise."

Mrs. Toynbee's edition was a tremendous advance on Miss Berry's, which, as Strachey characteristically points out, was read carefully by Napoleon Bonaparte on the road to Moscow. It would seem that the old Marquise's letters can only be published when cataclysms are imminent or in full blast, but neither Hitler nor Stalin is likely at the moment to investigate the six volumes of the Yale edition of the Correspondence of Horace Walpole.* Others, however, will be grateful to Mr. Wilmarth Lewis and Dr. Warren Hunting Smith for the piety which has collected and edited every scrap of Madame's correspondence with her English friend, and what little of Walpole's escaped the flame he himself uncharacteristically kindled.

The reader may feel at first blush some disappointment on discovering that whereas there are nearly a thousand letters of Madame du Deffand in the work, there are hardly a score of Walpole's. What was apparently a quite reasonable dread on his part of posterity's unfavorable judgment took care of that. The result is that one guesses at the destroyed letters as one guesses at the other half of a telephone conversation, and draws inferences perhaps not wholly justified. But whatever may have been lost (and there is reason to believe we have lost much), the lady beyond doubt gives one good measure. We should consider her a little.

Marie de Vichy-Champrond, Marquise du Deffand, was born in 1696, the year when the Bank of England was established as a symbol of the emergence of the liberal moneyed middle-class. She died in 1780, while our revolution was raging and "strange voices were already prophesying the disaster of a bankrupt aristocracy." In her girlhood she heard the rumor of Malplaquet and Poltava, as seventy years later she was to hear echoes of Saratoga and St. Vincent. From her earliest childhood, she appears to have been distinguished for independence of mind, if the much quoted story of Massillon's failure to convert her be a criterion. But this did not prevent her from marrying early and, as far as she was concerned, unhappily. She and her husband were separated shortly, and, as every commentator has pointed out with glib irony, she became "for a fortnight" the mistress of the Regent Orleans. Though the regent was not without brilliance, it is permissible to believe she had too many brains for the job. The circle of the Duchess of Maine proved more congenial. And her liaison with the President Hénault continued with occasional interruptions for half a century. The President, after he had lost his mind and no longer recognized old mistresses any more, once told her that Madame du Deffand was the most intelligent woman he had known, but that he had loved another of his not so light loves with greater passion. This she related to Walpole as a diverting sidelight on human frailty. As quite a young woman she made the acquaintance of Voltaire, who was her lifelong friend. And I for one am not pleased, however amused, by Strachey's characterization of their letters as the correspondence of a monkey and a cat. One wishes after that crack that one could remind Strachey of the Marquise's remark on Gibbon: "Some one ought to tell him that he is quite good enough to be a Frenchman without trying so hard." In the nature of things she formed a salon over which no doubt she may have ruled pretty despotically. It was in her late fifties that she went blind. But the misfortune appeared merely to intensify her powers of intellect and conversation, as, we are told, blindness often may. Certainly she minded far more the revolution in her little state when her tragic protegée Julie de Lespinasse set up in opposition to her. Her rage concerning what she regarded as high treason remains a subject of poignant interest and illustrates her less agreeable side with light that has some hell-fire in it. And she might easily have died with the reputation of having been a fierce old hag who uttered unforgettable aper-

HORACE WALPOLE'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH MADAME DU DEFFAND. Edited by Wilmarth S. Lewis and Warren Hunting Smith. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1939. 6 Vols. Vol. I, lxxxviii + 407 pp. Vol. II, viii + 497 pp. Vol. III, viii + 438 pp. Vol. IV, viii + 502 pp. Vol. V, viii + 461 pp. Vol. VI, xii + 561 pp. $45 the set.

Next Week

VERDUN
By JULES ROMAINS
Reviewed by Justin O'Brien

WHY BRITAIN IS AT WAR
By HAROLD NICOLSON
Reviewed by James F. Green

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çus and persecuted the pitiful and romantic Julie with merciless and classic bitterness. But, as the belles-letterish say, it seemed otherwise to the gods.

On the morning of September 17th, 1765, Horace Walpole in Paris observed with surprise a horsechestnut tree in full bloom. He saw fit to note this flowering out of season on the same page of his journal where he recorded his first encounter with "a blind old lady of wit," which last phrase he chiseled down to a "debauchée of wit" in a letter a day or two later. Horace Walpole was forty-eight and at the height of his powers. The year before, in Byron's strange phrase, he had become the father of the first English romance as three years later he was to beget "the last tragedy in our language." Stranger progeny never were procreated. Madame du Deffand was sixty-nine, but in spite of a strong sense of her own dilapidation, she too was at the height of her powers. The two came, they saw in a particular manner, and each was conquered in a manner still more particular. At any rate, between the 17th of September and the 17th of April of the next year, during which period Walpole was handing himself a time in Paris, he records that he saw her on ninety-seven days (this by actual count). The year 1765 has always been considered an interesting one in what is called literary history. In that twelve-month Ossian became a nine-days' wonder and an eternal feud, though the sixteen-year-old Goethe did not yet know what wild work his young Werther would make with it eight years later. Percy's "Reliques" hit the imagination where it lived. Johnson got to know Mrs. Thrale. Boswell in the cant phrase "was practising on Paoli what he subsequently performed on Johnson." But perhaps as interesting an event as took place in a fascinating time was the tying of the psychological Gordian knot between Horace Walpole, the author of the first Gothic tale, and Madame du Deffand, who said of herself: "The marvelous is my antipodes."

The more one reads the record of their relation, the more enigmatic it becomes, yet I fancy no one has ever gone t h r o u g h the correspondence without a sense of understanding intuitively what it is impossible to explain rationally. They had much in common and still more that they did not share. She was passionate and in her way logical. Walpole may have been logical, "but it has occurred to no one to describe him as passionate." Both of them moved in the great world, she with an ease which was due to inheritance and intellect, he a trifle warily, as if he were in fact the parvenu he constantly maintained that he was. He was a stickler for appearances with a morbid dread of that ridicule to which he from time to time inadvertently exposed himself. It is not unreasonable to infer that he dreaded what March or Montagu would be apt to say about certain letters in this collection, and covered his tracks wherever possible with "vulpine ambiguity." All that Madame du Deffand cared about was truth, in spite of Strachey's gibe about her undoubted pleasure in gastronomy. And oddly enough Walpole with all his reserves and maneuvers appears to have been the man to tell it to her. She considered with some reason the "societé infernale" in which she lived a hodgepodge of insincerities. She hated masks and every one she knew

Horace Walpole: Pariset's engraving from Falconet's drawing, 1768.

wore one. The Englishman, whom, as all her biographers note, her blind eyes never beheld, doubtless wore one too, but at all events he was able to conceal the fact from her. And accordingly she saw in him a lucid oracle, a teacher, a father-confessor. She, who on her death-bed is said to have told the priest to spare her questions, reasons, and sermons, demanded all three from Walpole. And she suffered what we are told is the fate of whoever tells everything. She found it necessary to tell still more. In short, in the slang of the psychoanalyst, she had a transference. And like everything else about her it was different, for it was based on real friendship as well as on compelling necessity and, instead of being broken after a decent interval, endured unmitigated for fifteen years.

Walpole for his part was immensely flattered (well he might be) and correspondingly terrified. "It was no joke to carry that burden of confidence and indiscretion." She was a whole Niagara of human detail which he loved, but it could be inferred that he was supposed to pay for it with returns of intimacy for which he had not bargained and which were beyond his forces. His reserve would never let him be a Pepys or a Boswell. And in one way or another it was always being assaulted, which explains perhaps, though it would be absurd to say that it excuses, the only really unpleasant element in his strange composition. Normally he showed magnanimity. He would take blame to himself, as in his quarrel with Gray. True, it visibly became him to do so, but that is all right. Again he reproached himself beyond reason in the Chatterton affair. And the stigma is on him yet, though he was perfectly guiltless. But there is something repellent and stupid about his rôle (not all of it by any means) in this *comédie larmoyante*. And it is clear, though we can only guess at his letters from her replies, that often his remarks were on the brutal side, because he was afraid, with some justification, of being eaten up alive.

Perhaps one of the pair had to be master. And he was. But one gathers from her passionate defence or her passionate repentance that he might have been gentler about it. And Mr. Lewis and Dr. Smith are quite right not to gloss over a tyranny so severe that it forbade her to discuss a subject as innocent as friendship because of its affinity with more violent emotions. But this is quite enough on a situation in which Walpole did not cut such a f i g u r e as he usually achieved and always desired. Let us turn to the letters themselves.

Quite apart from the interest of the strange liaison, it is clear that the letters, like her supper-parties, were part of Madame du Deffand's elaborate measures against boredom. Her boredom was not like yours or mine. Ordinary boredom she defined as a condition due to absence of thought, to which annihilation itself was to be preferred. Hers, if not caused by a glandular disturbance, had its origin in the fact that she had literally enormous intellectual gifts and was exposed to a world where she could do nothing with her powers except talk to a multitude, most of whose members laughed briefly if a remark took the skin off somebody's back (preferably some one of some notoriety), but remained otherwise unimpressed by the veracity of the remark. And it is to be observed that she was "concerned with veracity." That, as has been noted before, is what keeps her observations alive. Anyone can vamp

(*Continued on page* 15)

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 420 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President and Treasurer; Joseph Hilton Smyth, Vice-President; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription $4 a year. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXI, No. 9, December 23, 1939. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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A Mirror for Americans

YOU AMERICANS: Fifteen Foreign Press Correspondents Report their Impressions of the United States and its People. Edited by B. P. Adams. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. 1939. 348 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN PALMER GAVIT

A GROUP of high-class foreign newspaper correspondents, including a woman from Yugoslavia and an ex-pugilist from Norway, representing leading publications in Europe, Latin-America, China, and Japan, were induced to say on paper with deliberation what they had said orally and offhand in conversation at a dinner of the Association of Press Correspondents and later after a forum of the Newspaper Guild of New York. Each author "writes as he pleases," selecting *ad lib.* the particular aspect of life in the United States upon which he comments. The editor says he did not assign the subjects nor lay out any scheme for either completeness or unity; nevertheless there is a curious consensus and unanimity of impression difficult to identify or describe. A kind of ineffable quiet amusement, not so much at our sins or foibles as at our conceit, our "superiority complex," which they attribute mostly to our youth; yes, and our egregious ignorance of the rest of the world. It is highly illuminating, wholesome, and thought-provoking reading, to be commended especially for swelled-headed hundred-percenters and "old-stock" snooters; a symposium of criticism by people who have had good opportunity to observe, with ostentatiously kindly but often brutally discerning eyes; who deliver, smiling with almost Chesterfieldian politeness, shrewdly cutting thrusts at points at which we are prone to think ourselves invulnerable, or, with somewhat guilty conscience, prefer not to talk about.

For random examples: Antonio Iglesias of Mexico mildly derides our self-vaunted humanity, fair play, and common justice, alluding to our own forms of peonage. In respect of youthfulness of culture he reminds us that centuries before Columbus, Mexico City was the capital of the great Aztec Empire, "already a metropolis of great wealth and beauty." The Norwegian ex-prizefighter, Pete Sanstoi, as regards our boasted sportsmanship, finds that American crowds are less interested in skill than in the spectacular; rawly, in blood—"action, punch, color!" The "Dutchman in New Amsterdam," Bernard Person, points to the decay among us of pride in craftsmanship, despite vast improvement in labor's living standards. We are spared comment by any dictator-controlled Russian or Nazi German; but there is about what one might expect from orthodox Italian and Japanese. For me the outstanding contribution, poignant, wistful, accusing through a texture of deep and understanding appreciation, is that of the Chinese George Kao, who with utmost Oriental suavity tinged with doubtless unconscious, certainly unintentional, bitterness, tells of what he found but had not expected; what he expected but did not find. Yet: "Thus gradually we revise our picture of America, and if we now have occasion for minor disappointments it is only because our prejudices were mostly in favor of, and not against, your country."

Any such book, by any fifteen foreign writers, about any country, must resemble the report upon the Elephant by John Godfrey Saxe's "Three Blind Men of Indostan"; or, better still, of the famous international committee thereon, whose French member naturally produced "L'amour de l'Eléphant," the Briton "The Elephant and British Trade," the Pole "L'Eléphant et la Question Polonnaise." Each contribution is from one individual's point of view. But no fifteen Americans could have done a better job, because despite its political unity "America" is at least a half-dozen different countries, with quite as many distinguishable cultures. On the whole these writers of varying foreign background hold up a notably candid mirror in which to see ourselves in revealing comparison with our neighbors near and far.

The Master of Montauban

INGRES. By Walter Pach. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1939. 290 *pp., with index.* $6.

Reviewed by FRANK J. MATHER, JR.

WHILE American and English criticism has by no means neglected Ingres, it has remained for Mr. Pach to write the first book in English on the master of Montauban. Mr. Pach has skillfully used the abundant biographical material, and beyond this has added chapters on the sayings and opinions of Ingres on his art and on his influence. Everything is conducted in a clear and workmanlike manner. The book in largest octavo is handsomely made and fully illustrated. Of some ninety illustrations about a fifth are from works of Ingres owned in America. In every material and factual way this book is so acceptable that a reviewer raises with reluctance those contentious issues which any appreciation of Ingres inevitably evokes.

Mr. Pach is quietly but relentlessly eulogistic. From his pages emerges a hero devoted to the highest principles of art, hence necessarily intolerant of difference,—a great draughtsman consumed with a zeal for perfection and example for all the future. All this is maintained without ever raising the voice, in a manner so sweetly reasonable that it almost has to be believed. Now anybody who has been over the source material knows that this picture of a perfect and exemplary artist has involved many suppressions and much adroit attenuation. It takes an eirenic genius of no common order to suggest that *au fond* Ingres and Delacroix were in agreement on more important matters,—to admit the general truthfulness of Théophile Silvestre's devastating analysis of Ingres' character and art, leaving, however, the reader with the impression that Silvestre's opinion does not matter.

Portrait of Mme. Rivière (1805)

But in the estimate of any genius it does matter whether he was magnanimous or narrow-minded, high-principled or merely tenaciously devoted to his own practice and to his personal misunderstanding of his great models. It matters whether an art has style consummately, or is often merely stylish. And it matters also when we proclaim a great master of draughtsmanship that we define the term. Here a reviewer can give only a hint of the devil's advocacy which is emphatically in order before Mr. Pach's writ of canonization can be accepted.

Of drawing in its minor aspect, es-

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Monseigneur Cortois de Pressigny (etching by Ingres, 1816).

pecially in the art of indicating features and suggesting character with the pencil, Ingres was one of the most amazing and delightful of virtuosos. But take drawing in its essentials, as fundamental construction. Look over any series of reproductions of Ingres's most famous pictures. Ask yourself, Where is the figure or figures placed with regard to the picture plane? What assurance is there of the larger articulations? Having done this and perhaps having recalled a few of the many feeble and sentimental pictures, say the Paolo and Francesca and Raphael and the Fornarina,—having taken these precautions, you may read Mr. Pach with much profit and with measurable impunity.

Mr. Mather's new book, "Western European Painting of the Renaissance," will be reviewed next week.

The Colonial Rank and File

THE AWAKENING OF AMERICA. By V. F. Calverton. New York: The John Day Co. 1939. 474 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by PERRY MILLER

VIEWED as the very lowest classes, what Mr. Calverton calls the Fourth Estate, saw it, the settlement of the American colonies was a grim business. In all quarters, he says, they were treated "as if they were physical scum," and he tells the story in their name and in their honor. He emphasizes social factors, the conditions of ordinary men, and celebrates the many leaders, Bacon, Culpepper, Leisler, and Zenger, who fought in the bitter colonial conflicts, many of which were undeniably class conflicts. That he has performed an important service which historians are inclined to neglect is obvious, and the sincerity of his devotion to the rank and file, of his sympathy with their lot, gives the book a vigor that all too often is lacking from the more conventional histories.

Mr. Calverton describes his approach as Marxian, but advertises his intention of escaping the trammels of a rigid Marxian orthodoxy. He accuses economic historians of oversimplification in their neglecting or playing down the force of ideas, of religious fervor, and of theories, in the colonial enterprises. It is indeed heartening to find an avowed Marxian so valiantly refusing to be ridden by dogmatic preconceptions, though it is also amusing to find him so much more the Marxian than the historian that he is unwilling to let any colonial occurrence be explained in its own terms unless he can find a Marxian moral for today. Zenger, Leisler, and Bacon, he admits, were liberals, but he adds that liberalism at that time was radicalism, and that to be a democrat then "was like being a Communist today." However, amusement turns into discouragement when we find that at many crucial points he has eluded Marxian dogmas only to become entangled in easy generalizations still more questionable. That the religious fervor of New England cooled, and that the creed was modified and altered as the social order evolved is clear enough, and we might well look to a Marxian historian for much-needed help in understanding the process. Yet here Mr. Calverton seizes upon the tenuous hypothesis of a recent writer that Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay were distinct embodiments of two antagonistic principles, the one being the incarnation of "Dissent," the other of "Puritanism." Following this lead, Mr. Calverton proceeds serenely to treat the two terms as separate entities, finding that the key to New England colonial history is the dialectical triumph of the Dissenter over the Puritan.

No more unfortunate notion that this artificial separation of Dissenter and Puritan has ever befuddled the study of American history, unless it is Parrington's equally misguided notion that Thomas Hooker and Connecticut represented a "democratic" protest against the theocracy of the Bay. Yet Mr. Calverton accepts them both at their face value, with the result not only that he presents Plymouth and Connecticut in an utterly fantastic light, confuses the terms of the seventeenth century, and distorts the facts precisely as he accuses Hollywood of distorting the facts of witchcraft, but still more seriously he is forced to indulge himself in a strange metaphysic of interpretation in order to explain New England as a conflict of non-existent principles. Meantime the true story of the interaction between the ideas and the society, religion and economics, is crying to be done, and he turns aside from what he, or someone with his lights and his sympathies, might be fitted to do. Objection could be made to his treatment of every colony, yet even where his interpretation grows more clearly out of the facts, a succession of annoying errors makes it still suspect. George Fox, says Mr. Calverton, was acutely conscious of rank, position, and wealth, and in this respect, he says on page 357, Fox was "unlike the earlier Quakers!"

On Skis

BY SARA KOLB DANNER

NOT heavy footed with the white clods weighing me down
But lightly as Mercury or even Sonja herself,
Poised as the victory of Samathrace on a shelf
I shall sail on two wind borne ice boats into the town;
Swift as thought which from hill to hill can leap
I shall not tangle my feet in the thickets of prose
But glide smoothly as verse. On the slope where the melted snows froze
I shall evade the valleys narrow and deep;
You cannot reach me, however you try, I have gone,
Elusive as ever Diana, on the chase keen,
You will hear the motif of hurry, pale as the dawn,
Through the trees you may ask if it's my face you have seen;
Think of me always as flying, flying through space
With my hair streaming backwards in motion, the wind in my face.

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Almost Perfect States

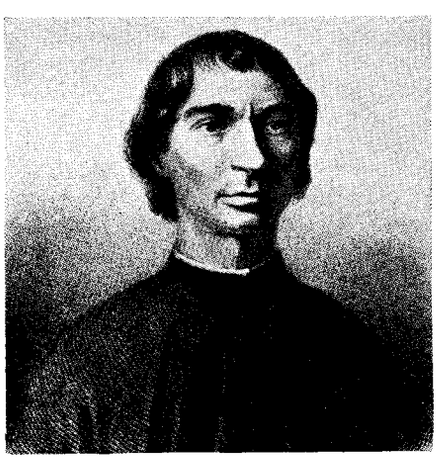
THE STORY OF THE POLITICAL PHILOSOPHERS. By George Catlin. New York: Whittlesey House. 1939. 802 pp., with index. $5.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

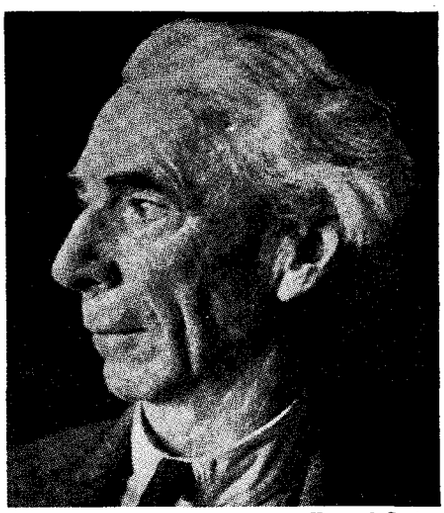
IN this big book Mr. Catlin has brought together the ideas of all sorts of thinkers on politics, from the pre-Socratic Greeks and the early Chinese sages to Mr. H. J. Laski. He has strewn among them with great liberality the ideas of Mr. George Catlin, ideas of a not too discouraged English liberal of the post-war generation. The total result is a book which as a sober outline of political philosophy, as a student's guide to a vast and confused field, is not for a moment to be compared with Mr. George H. Sabine's masterly little book on the history of political theory. Yet for the reader who likes to ramble about uncharted ways, Mr. Catlin's book is like none other in existence. His scale is big enough to permit generous quotations from the originals; he has an easy lecturer's style; and he never feels too greatly tied down by the immediate job of tracing out a given philosopher's course, so that he is always free to wander off into pleasant and often profitable bypaths. He has, moreover, strong feelings, and no temptation to conceal them. He feels that fascism is the enemy we must all turn against. He will do his share in the warfare against the common enemy by exposing relentlessly the pre-fascists who, like Carlyle, have somehow managed to acquire respectability as part of our ethical tradition.

Mr. Catlin can let himself loose among his loves and hates with a clear conscience because he distinguishes sharply between *political science,* which is the understanding of what goes on in politics, and *political philosophy,* which is the evaluation of what goes on in politics, as well as the setting of standards for what ought to go on. The political scientist, like the natural scientist, is concerned with the analysis of concrete situations in terms of what is at a given moment actually so, and of what seems immediately possible. He cannot let his feelings enter into his study. The philosopher, however, deals with ends of social and political action, and must consult his feelings—properly trained and disciplined feelings, but still feelings. Political science, Mr. Catlin thinks, is a relatively new pursuit, though in some senses men like Aristotle and especially Machiavelli anticipated the work of the modern political scientist. Political philosophy, however, is as old as Western thought, and as ethical philosophy, much older. After his earlier "Science and Method of Politics," Mr. Catlin now feels free to give up the restraints of science and permit himself in this book the delights of philosophy.

This distinction between a science dealing with means and a philosophy dealing with ends can be pursued into all sorts of metaphysical tangles. As Mr. Catlin uses it, however, it seems a useful and plausible distinction. He is too good an Englishman to pursue abstractions beyond the point of immediate profit. His work is uneven, best on the eighteenth century and on men like Mill, spotty on Marx, worst, or at least most unfair, on German idealism. It may be that he has in much of this book been too often the judge—or occasionally, master of ceremonies—and too little the expositor. Yet he makes no pretentious claims to "objectivity," and he judges pretty much as you and I might judge, in accordance with one of the Great Traditions, that of optimistic, liberal, progressive, individualistic, Western democracy. If this be blah-blah, let semanticists make the worst of it. Mr. Catlin won't be discouraged.



Machiavelli: (illustrations from "The Story of the Political Philosophers").



Howard Coster

Bertrand Russell

Poisons and Their Detection

THE POISON TRAIL. By William F. Boos, M.D. Boston: Hale, Cushman & Flint. 1939. 380 pp., and index. $3.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH, M. D.

DR. BOOS was an American youngster living in France when he first became poison-conscious and succumbed to the fascination and mystery of the death that lurks in the woods in the cups of mushrooms and in the fangs of adders. For a time he planned to become a chemist and to this end studied at Harvard and abroad. Narrowing his field to physiological chemistry, he was forced to study medicine. But he had hardly started his course when he was called upon for expert testimony in a poison case, and from then on he was destined to follow the poison trail into wider and wider fields—into canneries, factories, mines, farms, and again and again into state and federal courts. He has figured, he tells us, in "upwards of two hundred capital poison cases" as well as in a long series of suits arising from food and drug acts. But Dr. Boos's theme is not himself but poisons, and after a few autobiographical paragraphs he plunges at once into a clear, well-organized exposition of his subject. In terms carefully defined, and in language non-technical, we learn of animal and germ poisons, the metals, the alkaloids of plants and the habit-forming drugs, the volatile poisons of industry, the sprays of the newer agriculture. But the author has a feeling for drama as well as for science, and each chapter is enlivened by a "true story" by which he illustrates both the action of the specific poison and its manner of detection.

The last chapter is devoted to the expert in court, and it is followed by an appendix in which are presented verbatim three complete toxicologists' reports setting forth the chemical analyses, the post-mortem findings, and the researchers' conclusions. Legal and medical students will find "The Poison Trail" an absorbing short-cut to required information, but its field of interest is by no means restricted to professional groups. If you are contemplating writing a detective story, or committing a murder, you will find it invaluable; if you have wondered how the men behind the scenes detect poison traces months after death, your curiosity can now be easily satisfied; if you are merely an intelligent and curious reader, you will still learn from it much that is news to you and gain a lively respect for the world's toxicologists.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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The Uses of History

JUDGING by the annual output, it is clear that as entertainment, History is in no danger of suffering a decline. As something more pretentious, however, as a discipline or oracle, History and its offsprings, the social sciences, have latterly lost something of their prestige. Even before the term social science was invented, History had to bear the brunt of such dissatisfaction. It was thought—at least by Nietzsche—that the teaching of history was the main source of national hatreds and wars; Hegel and Goethe, on the contrary, said that all mankind had ever learned from history was that mankind never learned from history. Yet by the end of the nineteenth century it was a commonplace that history could be made to teach anything, provided the Man-With-Something-To-Prove was eager and expert enough to find proofs and examples. Others again complacently accepted the fact that history is rewritten by each generation for its own needs.

But within the last two years the attacks have been getting more precise and more violent. In "Knowledge for What?," Robert Lynd tried among other things to show that historians had failed, in spite of much hard work, to make their finished product an indispensable guide in the conduct of human affairs. And this not only because they lacked the precision desirable in a true science, but because of their indifference to the utility of their subject and their neglect of valuable facts and insights already possessed by their colleagues the psychologists, sociologists, and anthropologists.

Other writers, like Barbara Wootton in "Lament or Economics," have denied that society could in any real sense be scientifically studied. The uses of history would therefore seem to be like the uses of adversity—something to take individually and on faith.

The latest discussion of the whole issue is by Gaetano Salvemini, of the Harvard History Department, who dealt with it in a series of lectures delivered at the University of Chicago last year. These he has printed under the title of "Historian and Scientist,"* a title which proclaims his initial distinction between history and social science. History is an attempt to recreate the past; social science, like any science, is an attempt to discover laws and predict the future. Social scientists no doubt use the historical method, for any events occurring in time make history,—even the astronomer using the records of ten years' nightly survey of the stars is to that extent an historian; but both go beyond the mere recording of the past. The desire to predict and control puts the social scientist and the astronomer in a class apart.

So be it. Let history be both the technique and the groundwork of the social sciences. What then is its value to the layman except as entertainment—or to put it in the best light, as a special form of art? Professor Salvemini repudiates the suggestion that history is art, arguing that an art is never a rudimentary or an unsuccessful form of science. What art is he does not say, but he has to face the paradox implied in the question, Knowledge for What?—

> Knowledge is power
> Some knowledge is social science
> But social science is powerless
> Therefore, social science is not knowledge.

He breaks through the apparent contradiction by pointing out that not all sciences are exact—meteorology, for example—and that consequently history and social science have a real use. History must continue to supply carefully tested facts which the social scientist will employ to establish some tentative laws of social behavior. Conversely, historians can profitably borrow some of the hypotheses of the social scientists and try to test them by interrogating history. It is a stiff and risky task for both groups, for historical facts do not recur and cannot be measured. At best, therefore, social science will be an indicative science, like meteorology.

Unfortunately, it is not likely that any such collaboration is going on, and we are left with history as handmaiden to no discoverable mistress. Even if some employment agency could bring the two together, it is doubtful whether the union would really be comfortable. What prevents history and social science together from forming even an indicative science is that the facts they deal with resemble the facts of meteorology only by metaphor. Rain is rain the world over and clouds can be given pretty names ending in -us according to their shapes, whereas the "forces", "factors", "crises", and "movements" of history are nothing but ambiguous terms apart from their unique contexts. The phenomena they cover are fluid and unanalyzable; the so-called "facts" cannot be isolated without changing their character and importance; and no single word invariably refers to the same facet of reality or keeps its meaning uninfluenced by other words, emphases, and connotations. It is the whole tenor and order of a piece of historiography that carries the meaning, and it in turn affects the mind of the reader not piecemeal but as a whole. In History names and dates are the only things comparable to fixed entities and symbols in science. They are the two pegs on which we hang all the values of history.

Though this is true, it does not necessarily mean that history is entirely useless or subjective. Why is it not after all an art, with art's special utility? Professor Salvemini rejects the notion almost as if he thought that art were useless and history at any rate one cut above it. That this is not really his belief is shown by his appending to the lectures on history an admirable paper on "What is Culture?" If History is an art, it belongs to the order of culture, that is, to the realm of things known and valued by the mind but incapable of being measured like the annual rainfall or carted about like a geological specimen. Culture, says the Harvard historian, is—with some qualifications—what is left in your mind when you have forgotten all that you once learned. Just so with History. The use of history lies in the order impressed upon the mind when the multiplicity of the details has fled. In point of fact, as Mr. Salvemini reminds us, the cultivated mind is generally a well-stocked mind, but its main characteristic is a capacity for order and judgment; it has become an instrument for weighing, comparing, and discriminating that is possibly finer than any piece of laboratory equipment. For such a mind history considered as one of the arts is not only the richest storehouse of vicarious experience, it is also by its chaotic nature the greatest challenge to the organizing faculty. If granting this the question is again raised, Knowledge for what?, the answer is clearly, Knowledge for keener and richer minds, without whose active participation in social affairs all the mechanical aids to better living are so much useless lumber.

JACQUES BARZUN.

*HISTORIAN AND SCIENTIST. By Gaetano Salvemini. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1939. 203 pp., with index. $1.75.

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Letters to the Editor: *Sophia Hawthorne and Nursery Rhymes*

Sophia Hawthorne, Editor

SIR:—When Sophia Hawthorne "edited her husband's notebooks, deleting, revising, and refining the originals, she had had previous experience. Not only had she used the scissors freely on her journals in the interest of what she would probably have called good taste, but she had, as early as 1845, "edited" a Mother Goose book for Una.

The book was called "The Nursery Rhymes of England,"* a London publication reprinted in Boston in 1843. Though the book belonged to her husband, Sophia was allowed to delete and annotate it at her own discretion, one more of numerous instances which show that Sophia had her lord's sanction for revisions in the interest of grammatical correctness and greater elegance and refinement.

The changes which she made in the nursery rhymes fall rather strikingly into three of the headings under which Mr. Randall Stewart arraigned Sophia: grammar, prudishness, and elegance.

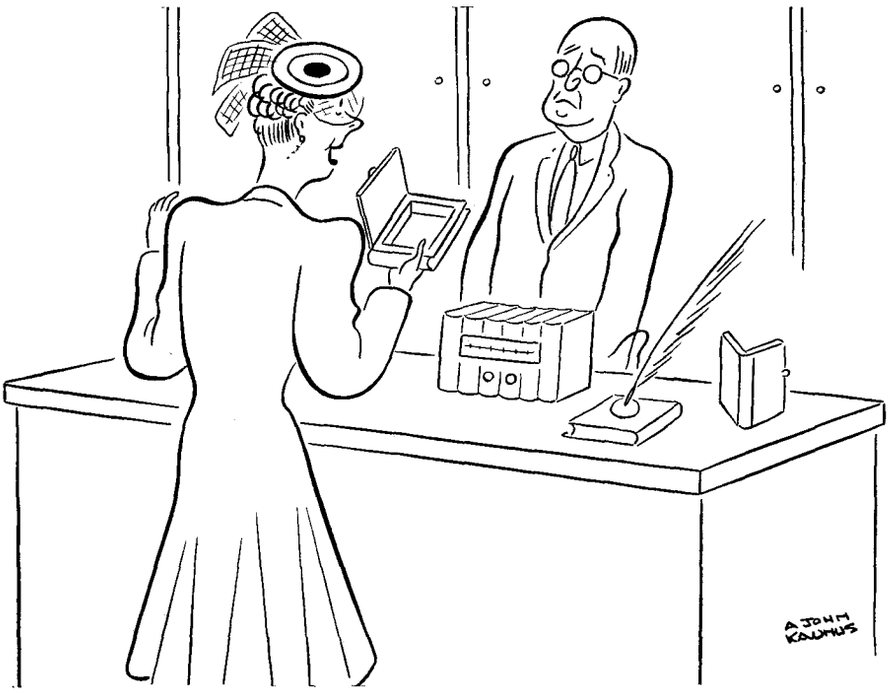
In the rhyme book Sophia's grammatical changes were of the kind made by teachers of English. In the jingle about the fates of the old woman's three sons, "Jerry and James and John," Sophia saw to it that Jerry was "hanged," not "hung." Robin and Richard who "were two pretty men" "lay" instead of "laid" in bed "till the clock struck ten." The wonder of it is that they were allowed to be so lazy at all! The English editor made Little Bo Peep's sheep come back "And bring their tails behind them," but Sophia changed the verb to the participle "Bringing." She always crossed out the English past tense "eat" wherever it occurred and substituted the American "ate."

By far the largest group of changes made in this book was due to what Mr. Stewart has called "prudishness or false delicacy." The words "devil" and "slut" are invariably crossed out and changed if possible. When not possible, the jingle is omitted. All references to sex are expunged. One can hardly blame Sophia for omitting such a passage as

I'll come to your wedding
Without any bidding
And lie with your bride all night.

Una, Julian, and Rosebud might have asked embarrassing questions at that point. There are others which ought not to have disturbed innocent minds. Taylor's love song to his lady fair whose "hand squeezed oft is satin soft," is apparently too sensuous, for it is labeled "Not to be read to Una."

**THE NURSERY RHYMES OF ENGLAND, obtained principally from Oral Tradition, collected and edited by James Orchard Halliwell, esq., London: Boston, reprinted Monroe and Francis, 1843, now owned by Mr. W. T. H. Howe.*



"Oh, how cute. Who is it by?"

Sophia was indeed hard on the too-realistic rhymes. Jack Sprat and his wife were marked right out.

The butcher, the baker,
The candle-stick maker

must not jump "out of a rotten potato," nor must "puddings stink" or "fat fry." A "drunken sot" is changed to "little tot" although he is referred to in the previous stanza as a grenadier!

The last group of revisions which can be paralleled in the "Nursery Rhymes" "consists"—to quote Mr. Stewart—"of changes in diction with a view to securing a greater elegance of expression."† So "big-bellied Ben" gives way to "great big Ben"; a "bag full of rye" becomes a "pocket full'; and "swore" is invariably weakened to "said." As to Pussy-in-the-well, "Who pulled her out?" "Great Tom Plout," says Sophia objecting to "Dog with long snout" as hero. The devil and the deuce are consistently removed, even though "Deuce take the wheelbarrow" seems more virile than "Down fell" the same. And one regrets losing the good old colloquialism in the "Death of Jenny Wren":

Says Robin, to all the doctors, away—
You're a parcel of quacks,
Or I'll lay this good whip
On each of your backs.

Sometimes one has to be more surprised at what Sophia left in than what she took out, as for instance, "a parcel of quacks" and "a pot of beer." Perhaps Sophia was less addicted to elegant tastes in 1845 than in 1865 when she had known the refining influence of a sojourn abroad. At any rate, the new parlor which she added to the "Wayside" after her return seems to justify the supposition. Parlor and nursery rhymes both had her lord's approval; and, knowing his devotion, one may well ask whether the "edited" notebooks would not have had it too.

JOSEPHINE E. ROBERTS.
Grove City College,
Grove City, Pa.

†THE AMERICAN NOTEBOOKS BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. By Randall Stewart. Yale University Press, 1933.

Haym Salomon

SIR:—The Patriotic Foundation of Chicago is interested in hitherto unpublished material relating to the life of Haym Salomon, the "forgotten patriot of the American Revolution," in connection with the preparation of a new document on Salomon for the forthcoming completion of Lorado Taft's heroic memorial depicting George Washington, Robert Morris, and Haym Salomon, to be erected in the city of Chicago.

If any of your readers are in possession of documents and other material dealing with Haym Salomon, we should appreciate it if they will communicate with the Patriotic Foundation of Chicago, 33 North La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois. All communications and documents will be treated with the utmost care and consideration and will be returned to their owners intact. We are particularly interested in any letters or memoranda which may have been signed by Haym Salomon himself.

BARNET HODES, *Co-Chairman.*
Chicago, Ill.

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CINDERELLA CITY

Atlanta Sees "Gone with the Wind"

BY FRANK DANIEL

Appointment in Atlanta: Clark Gable, Margaret Mitchell, and Vivien Leigh.

UNTIL "Gone with the Wind" was published, Atlanta's chief pride was Bobby Jones. But Bobby Jones had retired from competitive golf. It was an auspicious moment for the appearance of another local idol of world-renown, but neither Atlanta nor Margaret Mitchell guessed she was on the verge of eminence when her novel appeared.

Miss Mitchell then remarked apologetically that she was afraid she had inflicted another "high school classic" on Southern children—parallel reading for the history classes. The book-market in Atlanta was slow, and the Cyclorama in Grant Park, which houses a huge painting of the Battle of Atlanta, was almost as neglected as if it were Republican Headquarters. Today, about 250,000 persons are computed to visit it annually.

Last week Margaret Mitchell's name was on the lips of every articulate Atlantan. Last Friday, the newsboys shouted: "Gone with the Wind!" On Peachtree, Loew's modernization of Atlanta's historic Grand Theater was being restored to antiquity, acquiring a façade inspired by Tara and Twelve Oaks.

All this was in anticipation of the World Premiere of the film version of "Gone with the Wind." For the occasion, most of the principal players and innumerable film officials had flown the continent. The opening jammed the streets for blocks around the theater. The public came to look at the movie stars; the stars appeared about as eager to look at Margaret Mitchell. Miss Mitchell seemed to be about the only calm citizen in town.

Scarlett O'Hara—if you remember—found the muddy, bustling Atlanta of 1862 more to her liking than the older cities nearby. Charleston, Savannah, and Augusta had attained urbanity and grave traditions, while Atlanta "was humming like a beehive, proudly conscious of its importance to the Confederacy, and work was going forward night and day toward turning an agricultural section into an industrial one."

To Charlestonians and the dwellers along the Savannah, Atlantans must have seemed as odd as their hilly terrain. Few ties of kinship joined them. Clifford Dowdey's "Gamble's Hundred" has told how, in Virginia, when the large plantation owners crowded their less entrenched neighbors off the rich tobacco lands around Williamsburg, the dispossessed moved westward within the Dominion, perhaps to William Byrd's City of Richmond. But Georgia had fewer landlords, and migration across the state was more reluctant. A century after the settlement of Savannah, Scarlett's father found a generous acreage for cultivation when he brought his high-born wife from the seaboard to Clayton County, in the Piedmont, twenty miles south of Atlanta's site.

Many of Atlanta's settlers came from northwards, on long journeys for the transportation of aristocratic ideals. Their practical eyes spotted likely store corners as readily as they found plantations. They built their new homes around a stake called Terminus, driven in the ground to mark the end of a projected railway, and later (until the year of Scarlett's birth) called Marthasville. By 1862 Atlanta was too busy to regard either its fancy neighbors or its own rough image in the Chattahoochee. This river was no looking-glass—it was a potential water supply, water power, water way. Only a Sidney Lanier might hear its song.

When the city finally saw itself, the reflection was in others' eyes, and they were not always friendly. Sometimes the eyes revealed, besides the reflection, an expression of amazement or dismay. This was after the war which had enriched Atlanta had burned it; after Atlantans had rebuilt their city in a time of tribulation; after Atlanta had redirected its eyes to the future, at a time when much of the South was still stunned with loss and bemused with memories.

Atlanta's had been an eventful youth, and as the city became mature it continued to enjoy an abundance of adolescent energy. Its exertion rendered the grown-up city self-conscious under the scrutiny of neighbors who, as their earthly treasures were corrupted, valued their traditions more highly, and deemed Atlanta unrestrained. Other cities were looking at Atlanta, whether Atlanta was looking at them or not. And occasionally they associated her with a Federal penitentiary and a chain-gang system, a Leo Frank case or the night-riders.

If Atlanta's bad press influenced other sections, the agricultural sections within Georgia were sure that its capital city was Babylonian. They bred Tom Watsons and Willie Upshaws and Gene Talmadges to curb its arrogance, and passed Blue Laws, by an antequated county-unit system of voting, for the city-folks' harassment. So, with scant sympathy abroad, Atlanta had small patience with carping at home, especially in anything so ostentatious as a novel.

Seventy-seven years after Scarlett O'Hara's visit, Atlanta is paved and proper. The stimulating air of the Blue Ridge renews its energy. Generation after generation of new citizens wash down from the surrounding towns and country districts, to man its factories, operate its business, marry its less distracting debutantes, and adopt Atlanta's own peculiar pride. That quality is self-propagating. Atlanta is still proud of the place, with a catholicity which encompasses its very civic pride, but the city did not embrace any local authors until "Gone with the Wind" scaled the best-seller lists. Here at last was a novel which, literary and historical merit apart, spoke Atlanta's language.

Which is not only the language of the counting house. While the novel is admired as an investment, it is also genuinely liked. Atlanta likes its

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pleasant tone. Atlanta has dealt with some outspoken and contentious novelists, and it would thank any author to keep a civil tongue in his head.

Other Georgia novels before "Gone with the Wind" had been best-sellers. Corra Harris's "A Circuit Rider's Wife" was much read in 1910; Frances Newman's "The Hard-Boiled Virgin" pleased a high percentage of literary tastes in 1926; Caroline Miller's "Lamb in His Bosom" took the 1933 Pulitzer prize. But none of them wholly satisfied Atlanta, and none, in spectacular confirmation of Atlanta's judgment, made the movies until "Gone with the Wind."

The city's literary enthusiasm is new. Back in 1905, everybody was pretty much surprised when President Theodore Roosevelt, on a visit to Atlanta, singled out Joel Chandler Harris for praise. Harris's name is now honored in his home-town, though his once important work as "conciliator," in the post-war era of sectional bitternesses, is nearly forgotten: Harris's propaganda novels were better propaganda than novels. He is, however, revered for the Uncle Remus stories which he was perhaps uniquely fitted to compile. Georgia's dialects—which, incidentally, Margaret Mitchell seems to understand admirably—also interested Atlanta's favorite poet, Frank L. Stanton, of "Mighty Lak a Rose" fame.

But in 1910 Atlanta discovered the novel which established moral indignation as an infallible critical attitude, and author-harrying as fair sport. "A Circuit Rider's Wife" was none of the wishful remembering in which Southern writers had been indulging readily enough at Northern editors' behest. Compared with the staple magnolia-and-honeysuckle prose, "A Circuit Rider's Wife" must have shocked the general public as severely as its author was later to be shocked by Erskine Caldwell's "God's Little Acre." Corra Harris's largely autobiographical story concerned the hard, heroic lot of a rural preacher's wife, and one of its less ingratiating characters was a Methodist divine identifiable in Atlanta.

Morally indignant, Atlanta instituted its custom of gunning for offensive authors. Personal tragedy helped break Mrs. Harris's spirit, but she carried bird-shot to her grave. By then she was thoroughly chastened and repentant. Her novels had grown more and more decorous and less and less read; the once hellish "A Circuit Rider's Wife," however, retained a perverse local prestige, and finally grew so respectable that its twenty-fifth anniversary was an occasion for a special edition and a special celebration.

A further irony was that Mrs. Harris lived to see a novel she very much admired—"Lamb in His Bosom"—received in Atlanta as cordially as her own had been reviled. She was outspoken in her envy of Caroline Miller's success, and she may well have reflected that if her own first novel had met with such sympathy, she might have ended her career with a book more imposing than "Flapper Anne." Mrs. Harris's talent was a genuine one, and her sympathies were broad. It is unfair to remember only that her praise for "Lamb in His Bosom" was belated, and that she had no praise and no tolerance for Mr. Caldwell and for Frances Newman.

Miss Newman's "The Hard-Boiled Virgin" was unorthodox even to the eye—its pages excluded all direct discourse. The author explained with characteristic candor that her style was not amenable to Atlanta's conversation. Her convolved and crackling sentences might have been wrought to disprove the adage about brevity and wit. Emmeshed in these periods, Atlanta readers found such phrases as:

> there was a great deal to be said for the Old South, but not nearly so much as people had already said.

Atlanta's moral indignation adjudged "The Hard-Boiled Virgin" a monstrosity.

Mrs. Harris and Miss Newman received their literary rewards at home. But Erskine Caldwell was not even vicariously accessible until a touring company brought "Tobacco Road" to an Atlanta theater in November, 1938. Mr. Caldwell, like Mrs. Harris and Miss Newman, had his champions in Georgia, but they were not consequential. In louder quarters, he was denounced as a "literary tumblebug." Resentment against him was intense, and the approach of "Tobacco Road" armed his enemies to the teeth. Two weeks before the play's opening, Atlanta's City Council enlarged the authority of the Atlanta Board of Film Review to include stage presentations. This fierce body prepared for a kill, and demanded a special preview of "Tobacco Road." The version presented proved to be severely bowdlerized; nevertheless, it was suppressed. Yet somehow the Board's gun backfired. A temporary injunction allowed the first performance. Next day in court, after a tremendous hullabaloo, the Board saw its new power rescinded, and its ban on the play overruled.

Here, for once, Atlanta did not accept moral indignation at face value. Perhaps Atlanta had developed a new tolerance for writers, for by this time the city had read "Gone with the Wind" and was in a benign mood. Atlanta had seen itself in a becoming light—as "Gone with the Wind" represented it in 2,350,000 copies and sixteen translations.

One broiling day last summer three dejected members of the Atlanta Junior League went clear down to the Atlanta City Hall to warn Mayor William B. Hartsfield of the gossip going the rounds of the Piedmont Driving Club to the effect that Atlanta wasn't going to get the world premiere of "Gone with the Wind's" movie version after all. They had it straight from a vital figure in the film industry, straight from Hollywood, who had revealed as much in the confidential atmosphere engendered by an evening of Southern Hospitality at the Piedmont Driving Club. His having been a guest of the Driving Club rendered his authority unimpeachable.

The Atlanta Junior League was sick

Ashley Wilkes (Leslie Howard), Melanie (Olivia de Havilland), and Aunt Pittypat (Laura Hope Crews) in a scene from "Gone with the Wind."

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at heart. Its membership could hardly be said to be in a snit, in the manner of their Athens, Georgia, sister Cindy Lou Bethany, as nobody in Georgia seems ever to have heard of either the word or the state of being until Miss Clare Boothe isolated and defined it. But the girls were pretty much put out right along, and they wanted Mayor Hartsfield to do something about it. And they were roused not only by civic pride; also, the Atlanta Junior League had been quietly planning a ball to coincide with the World Premiere—an occasion, since the Junior Leaguers would put themselves on exhibition, to match the sumptuousness of the film itself.

Mayor Hartsfield promptly dispatched a telegram diplomatically compounded of firmness, wheedling, and rebuke. Past reciprocities were recalled, ties of blood brotherhood evoked. Had not Atlanta given Hollywood Dixie Dunbar and Jane Withers?

David O. Selznick replied as promptly with official assurance that Atlanta was certainly to have its World Premiere, rumor regardless. If he had been plotting to betray the Confederacy, the intervention of the brave Junior Leaguers had saved the day. It was like that time Scarlett shot the Yankee. The three socially correct ladies were pronounced civic heroines, and their soft-focus photographs were featured as prominently as those of Vivien and Clark.

Civic amity prevailed. "Gone with the Wind" had already become a prominent subject in the Atlanta newspapers. Now Atlanta's welcome of the producers and players began to preoccupy the press. Early in November a publicity department appeared, handsomely disguised as an executive committee, and installed itself in Atlanta's hallowed Georgian Terrace Hotel—where the famous visitors were to stop during the "Gone with the Wind" festivities.

The city was a press-agent's heaven. When Howard Dietz, in charge of publicity, arrived in Atlanta, the Mayor met him with a phalanx of cameramen. "Atlanta Out-Hollywoods Hollywood," Mr. Dietz was solemnly quoted as having said. There were essays attributed to Gable on his conception of Rhett, to Vivien Leigh on her understanding of Scarlett.

The three days officially set aside for rejoicing grew to four when Ann Rutherford, wise for her years, came to town early and alone, and copped lots of publicity in the Wednesday afternoon papers. Vivien Leigh, Olivia de Havilland, Ona Munson, Evelyn Keyes (Atlanta girl!), and the extraneous Laurence Olivier arrived in the afternoon. David O. Selznick and his coterie were with them. All were greeted, admired, mobbed. Laura Hope Crews arrived Thursday by train. Claudette Colbert came, too, apparently just for the ride. Then, as a grand climax, came Clark Gable and Carole Lombard late Thursday afternoon.

All the stars met him at the airport, passed along Peachtree Street to the Georgian Terrace, and there everybody was officially welcomed. Neither Lindbergh nor President Franklin Roosevelt in their palmiest days ever attracted such throngs. One newspaper Friday morning declared more people welcomed the stars than had participated in the Battle of Atlanta. Later wars, and earlier holidays, were thrust off the front pages. Christmas and the Confederacy combined in the street decorations. There were flags and holly wreaths intermingled. Every lamppost along Peachtree displayed a lighted star—but

Vivien Leigh as Scarlett

whether it was from Bethlehem or the Bonnie Blue Flag nobody knew.

Then came the World Premiere. And at that there was still another celebrity for public contemplation. This was Margaret Mitchell, who wrote "Gone with the Wind."

Miss Mitchell had felt a natural personal interest in the filming of her novel, but she was in no wise directly associated with the enterprise. The screen play is credited to the late Sidney Howard. Miss Mitchell maintained the same interest during Atlanta's furious anticipation of the World Premiere. Two weeks before the occasion, she spoke in a frank statement to the local press of her appreciation of and pride in the celebration, adding her regret that recent illness would prevent her participation to the fullest extent, but expressing her hope of being able to attend the film opening.

Of the social events, which were legion, she attended two. The first was a luncheon for her publishers and Macmillan's other Atlanta authors—Medora Field, Minnie Hite Moody, and Harry Lee. Two other Southern women who had won Pulitzer Prizes were specially invited—Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, from Florida, and Julia Peterkin, from South Carolina. The second event was a cocktail party the Atlanta Woman's Press Club gave in honor of Miss Mitchell (its stellar member) and two or three dozen visitors.

Friday evening Miss Mitchell and her husband, John R. Marsh, who is head of the advertising department of the Georgia Power Company, attended the premiere as guests of Selznick. And here, for the first time perhaps in film history, a writer was the star at a World Premiere.

This is neither to imply that Miss Mitchell was in her element at the opening nor that she had been previously a recluse, but rather that she has continued to be a private citizen as steadfastly as she has declined to have her new prominence exploited. Prominence of the local variety is certainly no novelty to any one who has been an Atlanta debutante, and the Mitchells have better reason to be called a "distinguished Southern family" than most of those to whom the Atlanta society sections liberally apply that phrase.

Miss Mitchell and Mr. Marsh were married in 1925. After the novel's publication, eleven years later, they went on enjoying the same quiet, sociable life they had previously led. They have been neither inaccessible nor conspicuous. While the novel's success (which they did not anticipate) has brought inevitable readjustments into their lives, these have been mainly superficial. Their scale of living, always comfortable, has not noticeably expanded. The circle of their friends has, while retaining every one of longer standing.

Atlanta has its regard for the uses of publicity, but it respects privacy, too. The Marshes have consistently demonstrated agreeableness along with their inclination to remain in the background. They have earned and they have won Atlanta's affection and respect. Atlanta boasts of its civic pride. Margaret Mitchell (she is still Mrs. John R. Marsh in Atlanta) has been that pride's outstanding recent stimulus. For "Gone with the Wind" has given Atlanta a Cinderella triumph. The city had moved forward in time,—through war and aftermath, through the era of "the New South," into a new century, into a new position, into the Golden Era of Coca-Cola. Meanwhile it had not been making merely money. It had been making a by-product, too—history. Here it was, assembled and assorted, in "Gone with the Wind," for all the world to see. Atlanta was being advertised for the very quality—background—whose absence the Proud Sisters, Charleston and Savannah, had so loudly deplored.

Frank Daniel is on the staff of the Atlanta Journal.

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Getting out a mimeographed biweekly newspaper under the midnight sun. From "North Again for Gold."

Canada's Arctic Empire

NORTH AGAIN FOR GOLD. By Edgar Laytha. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1939. 360 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by MARIE AHNIGHITO PEARY

THIS is not the usual type of Arctic adventure story. As a matter of fact, in the strictest sense of the word, it is not an adventure story at all. To one brought up to an ideal of Arctic exploration involving self-sacrifice, self-abnegation, perils, and hardships and risk of life suffered gladly for the sake of patriotism and the adding to the knowledge of the world, there is too much commercialism, too much talk of profits and wages and dollars and cents to strike the true note of the Arctic.

But perhaps this is the wrong attitude. Now that the surface of the earth has shrunk so amazingly, now that unknown areas on the map grow smaller and smaller and the really great geographical prizes have already been won, perhaps the greatest patriotism may be shown through the development of hidden resources in territory discovered but never adequately explored. The Russians have made great strides in this direction in their colonization of lands lying well within the Arctic Circle. Judging from this account of activities still in their infancy but advancing by leaps and bounds in the northernmost part of North America, Canada is not far behind the Soviet.

Mr. Laytha is very fair in his manner of comparing and contrasting the old form of Arctic work and the new. He sums it up succinctly in speaking of the Klondyke gold rush and the recent gold stampede at Yellowknife. He says:—

> The greatness here and there were in two quite different points. There the indomitable nature of man, literally his body, was victorious over the obstacles of the wilderness. Here his brain is the victor. . . . Only in the magnificence of human enterprise against a hostile Nature can one draw a parallel.

Briefly, "North Again for Gold" is the story of Canada's development of her Arctic empire, a development prophesied years ago by Stefansson in his "Northward Course of Empire." It begins with the thrilling discovery by Gilbert LaBine of an apparently inexhaustible vein of pitchblend, near Great Bear Lake. Pitchblend is the source of the world's supply of radium, formerly a monopoly of the Belgian government. Frankly, there are parts of the story which are extremely dull. To the lay reader who will never be called upon to finance the operating of a huge mine in the Arctic or the extraction of radium from pitchblend, there are too many pages, too many details concerning money and scientific processes.

But this tedium is more than made up for by the clear and striking portraits which the author draws for us of the men—and some women—to whom this new empire is the center of existence. Gilbert LaBine, Leigh Brintnell, "sky businessman," Prospector Davidson, and the flying dentist are only a few of these. Amusing and unforgettable is the account of the social life of the ladies at Fort Smith, who "behave as if they were a dependency of Buckingham Palace, never call one another by their first names and never call uninvited." Outstanding, however, is the Flying Bishop, or more picturesquely, "The Bishop of the North Wind." His impassioned denunciation of what so-called "civilization" has done to the natives of Canada will strike a responsive chord in the heart of anyone who has seen a simple, friendly, honest people debased and degraded, physically as well as mentally, by long contact with the white man.

Whiskey and Keelboating

THE DELECTABLE COUNTRY. By Leland D. Baldwin. New York: Lee Furman. 1939. 715 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HERBERT PELHAM ROSS

THE hero of this lively, authentic, and well-colored story, young David Braddes, is a Westerner who arrives in Pittsburgh from New Orleans as the Whiskey Rebellion is about to break out. A spirited, highly intelligent lad, he soon makes friends —among them the famous Hugh Brackenridge, lawyer and author. It is Brackenridge who explains to the sturdy young keelboat hand that education is the search for the delectable country, and enables him to divide his time between clerking and the Academy.

Then comes a rush of adventure. The revolt flares up, with David as one of the ringleaders and enthusiasts. Alexander Hamilton's little army marches over the mountains, and is soon arresting men all up and down the Monongahela Valley—David among them. But this exciting story of the rebellion is only half of the book. Released from a Philadelphia jail, the hero takes to the river again. The most engrossing parts of the volume are the chapters on Ohio and Mississippi boating, and the description of New Orleans in 1796. Here we meet the king of Mississippi navigators, Mike Fink; the devious General Wilkinson and the unhappy Philip Nolan; and Governor Carondelet. Thanks to Brackenridge's inspiration, David never ceases to seek the delectable country, to strive for an education. A thread of half-lawless romance runs through the book, and at its close the young man is married to the heroine, and prospering as an itinerant Methodist minister.

It is something of a picaresque tale, this, like Brackenridge's own "Modern Chivalry." But every page is entertaining, and every scene and personage is true to history. Nobody knows the life of Pittsburgh, Western Pennsylvania, and the upper Ohio Valley better than Mr. Baldwin, who has now published three sober historical volumes on these areas. But his learning does not hamper him as a novelist. He knows how to tell a racy and absorbing tale, with well-imagined characters; and his familiarity with the keelboat age and the manners of the period when Pittsburgh was a raw frontier town merely enriches his story. In the long list of recent historical novels published in this country, "The Delectable Country" takes very high rank.

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A Family in Antlers

BAMBI'S CHILDREN. By Felix Salten. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1939. 315 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

WHEN their mother held up before their delighted eyes this sequel to the immortal "Bambi," Mark and Noel jumped and shouted, reached for it, and at once fell to and devoured it. This is high recommendation indeed. At least it recommends "Bambi" without qualification, for few children's books have won such a following. The children of the country have adopted that earlier work, and nobody can make children accept a child's classic. Nor can anyone stop them from making a classic out of a book, no matter what the childless arbitresses of juvenile literature say.

The best critic of a child's book is a child, and so I waited before saying a word about "Bambi's Children" to see what Mark, nine years old and a passionate Bambi-fan, would say. He said, dispassionately, that he liked it, and was going to read it again. But it wasn't as wonderful as "Bambi."

And it isn't. In spite of the fact that it brings in the delightful squirrels found in "Perri," and notwithstanding plenty of good contrived animal drama, including nothing else than an encounter between Bambi and the terrible "He," in which—but I won't spoil the story—there is still something less fresh and original. The book is almost all conversation—supposed to be a sure mark of success. But Mark missed the beautiful Nature "feel." Mark missed the genuine tingle of a deer's life in the woods. He found that the animals talked *too* much, and too much like a suburban family.

For example: Gurri, the doe fawn, is almost mature when the mating season comes around, and her mother Faline is nervously fussing at her, trying to keep her afraid of the big bucks (as if a deer mother would!) by dwelling on their pushing, bellowing coarseness and rankness, when these are the very qualities that are disturbing and pleasing the gangling Gurri. In short Mrs. Bambi is having one of those confidential chats with her growing child that is already too late and has fallen through painfully, when Father Bambi appears. "You really must do something about your daughter, Bambi," whines his spouse, Faline, passing the buck. Dear me, dear me, can't we get away from Monday morning anywhere? Mark may not have known *all* the reasons why this, and similar scenes of suburban family life in antlers, did not lift his spirit. He just said it was a good book, but not so good as the first. Life in the Black Forest, it appears, is more like "Gasoline Alley" than we had suspected.

For this much, the distinguished and well-loved author is responsible. I think the translator, and the one who did editorial work on the translation, must be held responsible for a lingering after-taste of vulgarization upon the actual use of English. For instance, "He," the "He" so terrifying he is never even named, from whom every deer flees, has come and found the fawn Boso wounded. Two doe fawns have been trying to help Boso, when "He" appears, and they bound away on trembling legs till they can watch from covert. And what are the dread syllables they hear Him utter as He bends above Boso? " 'Why, for the love of Pete . . .' " are his very words. I don't know what Herr Salten wrote, *auf Deutsch.* But something is *ganz kaput, auf Englisch.* Something has been "dummed-up" in translation, and brought to the level of the child with undistinguished diction, while the child who wishes his heroes to speak more nobly than himself is left disillusioned. This is so new in Salten's work that it must be attributed to translator or editor.

The Story of an Inner Life

JEAN CLARAMBAUX. By Jean Tousseul. Translated by Elisabeth Abbott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1939. 715 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ISABELLA W. ATHEY

IN form and intention this book is a romantic epic, with a central character whose function is partly autobiographical, partly representative of an attitude toward life. It has, therefore, the peculiar limitations of a philosophical statement cast as fiction, although it deals with background and events of potential interest—the childhood and youth of a peasant boy in Belgium on the Meuse, his life in the village during the years 1914-1918, and his development at a period twenty years after the Armistice.

The story is thus in three parts, and throughout the first two there is a wealth of minor characters, farmers and miners of the district, never individualized, symbolic of Man the communal, social being. In contrast, Jean Clarambaux is projected as the sensitized paper of individual awareness and learning; he is not a living child or man, although some of his actions and emotional behavior may be those of a real person. The varying reactions of the villagers toward the Germans, and later toward the French and English, are of intrinsic interest, and present a new aspect of the first World War. One feels, however, a driving and diffuse impatience in the author; Tousseul is too full of his own associations to let his characters think or even speak for themselves.

There is a complete shift of scene and lighting for the final section, in which Clarambaux is shown broken and neurotic after years of political activity. Curiously, there are only vague references to his progressive peace work; his position is never clarified, only described as one now of resignation which must be justified in a testament to his former colleagues. Instead of writing this testament he decides to live it, tending his flowers and birds, and married to a young woman who is a kind of Charlotte Brontë heroine quite in keeping with the atmosphere of unreality, sometimes of delirium, at the end of the book.

This novel turns out to be more autobiographical than its author intended, for just as Clarambaux never gives his testament to the world, so Tousseul never defines his philosophy. There are pages of disquisition upon moral and social problems in which the references to Ibsen and Tolstoy are not incidental, for Tousseul's idealistic generalizations show the influence of Scandinavian and Russian soul-searching. All this underlines the book's documentary evidence of the literary and intellectual fashions of 1900. Technically it is dated by its unself-conscious romanticism as well as its undisguised insistence upon spiritual values; the same elements appear in contemporary fiction but reconditioned to the present mode. Even "Jean Christophe", to which Tousseul's opus will inevitably be compared, has a more modern use of sentimentality, and certainly a more realistic use of observation.

Translation has probably exaggerated an over-weighted style and the muffling of not particularly complex ideas in emotional catchwords. The lack of organic construction in "Jean Clarambaux" has the advantage, however, of stimulating interest beyond the immediate story to general questions about the novel as a medium. The book's muddy flavor has a technical value for those who are concerned with fiction for other reasons than entertainment.

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"Dear Old Frenchwoman"

(*Continued from page 4*)

up an antithesis that clicks. Very few can say "C'est le premier pas qui coute." Even at her lightest there is an element of the scientifically exact in her by no means necessarily kindly observations, as for instance: "Voltaire has written a letter which was meant to be shown and therefore does not deserve to be." Her eye instinctively turned to the essential in any situation, and affectation, whether flowery speech or flowery writing, shocked and horrified sensibilities which seemed specially created to detect the least admixture of the factitious. Yet she had her fair share of what some one has called "specific levity," and one is grateful for such remarks as "Madame de Villeroy is a hurricane disguised as a draught" or that other on the unfortunate Italian who is immortalized as possessing "a monkey's brain in a calf's head."

Everyone who has ever gone through her letters has stared and gasped at the galaxy that she attracted, but it is worth while to repeat it once more. It is no trick at all to construct a catalogue that would make Macaulay envious. Franklin, against whom she worked up a grudge because his war separated her from Walpole, sat by the big covered chair in her living room, fur cap, spectacles, and all. It is pleasant to remember that she noted an Englishman's courtesy, who kept back some war news that might have distressed the American until Franklin had departed. Burke sought her out, and Walpole must send him at once Necker's eulogy on Colbert. Necker himself, last hope of the kingdom, was very nearly a friend. D'Alembert, "the slave of liberty," had been among the faithful till Julie's treason. Gibbon would have been perfect if it had not been for his preposterous endeavor to turn his every utterance to lightness and elegance. She saw at a glance the grace of mind and natural force of Gustav III of Sweden, who in point of fact, with the possible exceptions of Charles XII and Frederick the Great, was the most remarkable king to sit on a throne in the eighteenth century. She admired the simplicity of the Emperor Joseph II, but agreed that it was on the routine side. And Charles James Fox, "who is not only green but sour, can only develop in the direction of rashness and has a fine dose of that already." I forget what she said about Goldoni and don't care. But one may bring to an end a line that could be spun out to the crack of doom with her pun on Voltaire, who had come back from exile in Ferney to die in glory in Paris amid the fanfaronnades of a thousand poetasters. "Voltaire," she wrote, "subissait le sort des mortels. Il est devenu la pâture des vers." Yet in face of such a company, she is not to be deceived. "I sit in my great chair, pomp to the right, triviality to the left, boredom in between." To know the actors, to be able to judge them with accuracy and intelligence, is not enough if one is stopped from acting oneself. And certainly, in the necessary intervals between communications with the wise, the society of Mmes. les Maréchales de Luxembourg et de Mirepoix or even of the delightful Duchesse de Choiseul will not suffice a vigorous, hungry, creative mind.

One wonders rather to what extent she realized how creatively she was in fact acting as she dictated these letters to the faithful and indefatigable Wiart for the delectation of "the incalculable Walpole." She knew that her side of her correspondence with Voltaire was up to snuff and tells Walpole so. But with the Englishman she always seems to have "a shivery sense of failure" and ineffectiveness, strangely out of key with blasting wisdom and pictorial anecdote that brings the whole time alive. Blind though she was, she had in the highest degree the gift of perceiving the characteristic and the symptomatic. For instance she gives us a strange glimpse of the unhappy Jesuits exiled from Spain in 1767 and not allowed to land in Genoa, like the unhappy Jews at Havana in 1939. Or there is the symbolic episode of the two infantry-recruits who hanged themselves after reading too much Helvetius and Diderot. We must refashion our notions of the high courtesy of the old régime when we see the Count of Artolis, later Charles X, punching the jaw of the Duchess of Bourbon at a masked ball. A more sinister revelation is the lady's explicit and detailed narrative of the Marquis de Sade's dealing with his first victim, a tiny but detestable prelude to a blood-purge on the larger scale of the Terror. And it is characteristic of her that she records Foote the Comedian's magnificent retort to the Earl of Sandwich, when that bestial swine wondered if the actor would die of the pox or be hanged: "That, my lord, depends on whether I embrace your mistress or your principles." There is hardly a letter without its living comment or its living instance. And yet there is always the sense of vanity and inadequacy as in that pathetic and fragmentary sentence, where she faces the music: "When I am dead I shall be forgotten like—." One has a strong disposition to fill the gap, which may be intentional, with the name Lespinasse. In any case neither of the two has been forgotten so far, or seems likely to be.

Two thousand pages in fifteen years, and, though it would be stretching things to say, as Frederick Harrison said of Voltaire, "not a dull page," one is reminded of that great compliment. And the vigor, the fire, the apposite anecdote, the scimitar epigram, hold almost to the very end, which comes like a coup-de-théâtre. As has been observed in the instance of other powerful minds, there is no failure of intelligence, only of physical strength. Is she alarmed? No; "I am not strong enough to be frightened." And then a sentence in which Strachey, abandoning rhetoric, for once discovered pathos rather than irony. I give it again. "Divertissez-vous, mon ami." The last word of all, however, is "C'est un fatigue pour moi de dicter." It always had been—for there is no discharge in the war against ennui. Three weeks later she died as she had hoped she might, and anybody might hope, without pain in her sleep.

It is all to the good that a great record of the human spirit, where every aspect is seen, whether exalted or ridiculous, should be produced once more, with incomparable care, in a nation-shattering time when the new régime is cracking up like the old. The book for all its acerbities and bitterness "asserts the mind." Madame du Deffand, railing and grieving, somehow compels us, like Malvolio, to think nobly of the soul. Though men should ignore this wonderful collection in the moment of conflict, nevertheless it will be great reading after the battle, and the doubtful may be assured that it is anything but the literature of escape. The reviewer counts himself lucky to have read this noble work, whatever dogs hereafter, in the words of the Chevalier de Bouffler's song, may grow fat on the carcase of beauty.

The reviewer makes no bones about complimenting the editors. He noted in the course of his two hundred-hour voyage through the proof of over two thousand pages of text, and a rapider transit through four hundred more of appendicular material, very few misprints and only a handful of errors he could swear to. More experienced eyes might perhaps observe additional lapses. Something in the neighborhood of ten thousand footnotes, all brief and nearly all necessary, are an opportunity to go wrong such as few of us, thank God, have to face. The editors have seldom availed themselves of the opportunity. Their industry staggers the imagination, but even the casual reader may discover anywhere in the book delightful evidence of their taste and understanding. Nor is it too much to repeat what has already been said of this astonishing enterprise, that it will compel every writer on the eighteenth century in England and France to revise his judgments or his prejudices.

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Books in the Middle Ages

THE MEDIEVAL LIBRARY. By James Westfall Thompson. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1939. *682 pp., with index.* $5.

Reviewed by BERNHARD KNOLLENBERG

THIS valuable work is the joint creation of Professor Thompson and several of his associates and former students, S. K. Padover, Ramona Bressie, Isabella Stone, Geneva Drinkwater, Claude H. Christensen, and Dorothy Robathan. Professor Thompson, now holder of the Sidney Hellman Ehrman chair of European history at the University of California, was for many years Professor of Medieval History in the University of Chicago and lecturer on the history of libraries in the graduate library school there, and his contribution—constituting more than one half of the book—is the fruition of several decades of scholarly research and teaching in his chosen fields.

Inasmuch as printing was not used on any considerable scale in the western world until after 1450, near the close of the medieval period, the volume deals almost entirely with manuscript, not printed, books.

The volume gets off to a fine start. The Introduction to Part I gives a fascinating account of the flow of Greek books and learning into Rome, stimulated by the advent of Crates of Mallas, head of the great library at Pergamum, and accelerated at a later date by the plunder of entire Greek libraries, as Greek books became one of the desired spoils of Roman victory. Later, when Roman millionaires vied with each other in ostentation, the possession of a considerable library of Greek and Roman writings became an essential adornment for the home of every rich Roman, and the impulse to assemble books into private collections led naturally to the founding of public libraries by philanthropists, open-handed politicians, and Emperors. The greatest of these public, or semi-public, libraries was the Bibliotheca Ulpiana, which, next to the libraries of Alexandria and Pergamum, was the most famous of the ancient world. The decline of Rome's power and civilization was accompanied by the disappearance of its libraries, central and provincial, not (Professor Thompson believes) so much from vandalism as from disintegration by neglect and decay incident to a lack of interest in the contents of the collections.

The next two chapters deal with the early church and monastic libraries. Perhaps the most interesting fact brought out in these chapters is that it was in connection with the early churches rather than the early monastic institutions that collections of books were formed. The church at Alexandria appears to have had a library including gnostic and pagan writings as well as patristic works as early as the reign of Commodus (180-92). In the west Carthage was the first center of Christian scholarship and church libraries, and by the time of Augustine (353-430) the church there apparently had a large library stocked with classical as well as theological literature.

The first important monastic library was that at Vivarium established by Cassiodorus on one of his estates in Calabria around 550. Another great figure in the establishment of early monastic libraries was Boniface, who in the early part of the eighth century was instrumental in establishing a half dozen prosperous monasteries and collateral libraries in Germany. It is interesting to learn, incidentally, that the monastic libraries developed apparently not so much from a passion for educating the brothers as from the effort to provide a means of keeping them busy, thus preserving them from idleness and unsanctified thoughts when it was too inclement for them to work out of doors.

The third chapter—Libraries of the Carolingian Renaissance—deals with the growth of libraries during the reigns of Charlemagne, Louis the Pious, and Charles the Bald. Charlemagne himself seems to have had little knowledge of books, but the power and fame of his court and the richness of his gifts attracted scholars from England, Rome, Lombardy, and the East. The greatest of these was the English Alcuin, educated in the Episcopal school at York, from which the residuum of classical scholarship introduced by the Roman occupation had apparently never completely disappeared. The fourth and last chapter of Part I contains an interesting account of the libraries of the British Isles in the Anglo-Saxon period, by Dr. Bressie.

Part II contains an Introduction and four chapters on the libraries of Medieval Italy, Germany and France, and Normandy and England of the Angevin period by Professor Thompson; three chapters on Byzantine, Jewish, and Moslem libraries by Dr. Padover; and an excellent short chapter on the libraries of the Greek monasteries in southern Italy by the late Isabella Stone. Except during the period between 1150 and 1250 there was retrogression in the libraries of Western Europe. A new monasticism, represented by Cluny and Citeaux, was concerned, not with scholarship or literature, but in ecclesiastical reform and popular religious revivalism.

Part III deals with the English, French, German, Scandinavian, and Italian libraries in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. I found this part of the book, whether because the available material is irredemably uninteresting or because it is poorly presented, lacking in unity and rather dull. It is for the most part a description of the holdings of the more important libraries of the period. Part IV—"The Making and Care of Books in the Middle Ages"—is happily a different story. Each of the four chapters in this part of the book is fascinating. The description of the life in the medieval monasteries as seen through the activities in the *Scriptorium* is one of the most interesting vignettes of the Middle Ages that I have read. The second chapter, dealing with library administration and the care of books during the Middle Ages abundantly shows, as might be expected, that the problems of the librarian in those days were not so different essentially from those of his successor in 1939. The last two chapters dealing with paper, the book trade, book prices, and the wanderings of manuscripts gives a great deal of interesting insight into various aspects of the medieval commerce in books and the dispersion and reassembling of libraries throughout the medieval period.

The book unfortunately lacks a list of the works cited and a general index. Presumably the cost of publishing the volume as it stands was so great as to prohibit any additional expense, but if it were later found practicable to publish a supplement containing a general index and bibliography, every reader of the book—and over the years in which this volume will remain useful, they will be many—would be grateful.

Bernhard Knollenberg is librarian of Yale University.

Godey Up to Date

CORA SCOVIL'S LADY'S BOOK. Edited by Baird Leonard. New York: Harrison-Hilton Books. 1939. 157 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by GWEN BRISTOW

THIS is a crisp, sophisticated suggestion of what the famous *Lady's Book* of Louis A. Godey and Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale might have been if those two recorders of popular taste had produced a magazine today, with Cora Scovil's manikins to illustrate the fashions instead of the hand-colored plates of a hundred years ago.

The substitution is not as incongruous as it sounds. These disdainful wax figures that display clothes in shop-windows typify what the fashionable woman of today would like to be as well as Mr. Godey's elegant sketches illustrated feminine ideals a hundred years ago. Except for a few pictures of nineteenth-century costumes and an occasional page reproduced from an old *Godey's* to show what the magazine was like, there is nothing quaint about this new *Lady's Book,* but in its own day *Godey's* was not quaint either.

The first story in the new book, "The Ministering Angel," is done in

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the traditional Godey manner and but for its references to taxicabs and electricity might have been written by Eliza Leslie in the forties. The needlework department gives instructions for knitting a woolly shoulderette for breakfast in bed, and also, reprinted from an old *Godey's*, directions telling you how to crochet a beaded reticule and a picture of what it would look like if you did. The cookery section gives recipes (*Godey's* used to call them receipts) by several noted chefs. In addition to a sentimental song of 1841 there are several "Songs to Sing in Your Shower," to the tunes of "Oh, Susannah!," "Jingle Bells," and "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," and a World's Fair ditty set to music by Julian Cramer, the music editor of the original *Lady's Book*.

There is a page of photographs of "Leading Ladies of Our Day," the subjects of which are eight career women, accompanied by an article on career women's husbands. *Godey's* published many similar pages—the one in the issue for August, 1848 curiously titled "Heroes of our Century," contains pictures of five lady missionaries, and is accompanied by an article on their work among the heathen.

Through it all go the manikins, fifty-five pages of photographs showing them in fashionable outfits, or close-ups of manikins who are all head to display coiffures and hats, besides four pages of Victorian figures in costumes provided by the Metropolitan and Brooklyn Museums, and several photographs showing new ideas in interior decoration. They are illustrated with jingles about men, women, clothes, and various other subjects.

It is all amusing, and Cora Scovil and Baird Leonard have accomplished their purpose of providing delicious entertainment. But the book would have been a closer reproduction of its model if it were not so very, very clever. *Godey's Lady's Book* appealed to average American women. This one will have more to interest readers of *The New Yorker* than those of *The Ladies' Home Journal*. If Mr. Godey and Mrs. Hale had supervised the new book, it would have been the other way around.

Gwen Bristow, whose novel "This Side of Glory" is about to be published, in preparation for that book made an extensive survey of Godey's Lady's Book.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 299)

BOWERS:
JEFFERSON AND HAMILTON

It was never the opposition that interested Jefferson, but the reason for it; and with rare subtlety he would seek to obliterate the prejudice if it were prejudice, or to remove the misunderstanding if it were ignorance of facts.

Folkways and Mass Men

AMERICAN SOCIAL PROBLEMS. By Howard W. Odum. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1939. 541 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RAYMOND V. BOWERS

THE importance of this book lies in its point of view rather than in its content. For many years Professor Odum and his colleagues at the University of North Carolina have been constructing a folk-regional sociology from their widely known researches on the South as well as from the literature, chorographic and social, of geographers, anthropologists, historians, economists, and sociologists. This is now offered to undergraduates and other laymen as a significant framework for understanding, and reorganizing, their American social world.

This new sociological regionalism lays great stress on our folk backgrounds. It sees modern history as the differential imposition of an as yet unassimilated urban-industrial civilization on the deeply-rooted agrarian folk cultures of the world. And it believes that the resulting partial disintegration of some of these time-tested patterns of living has led to current world restlessness and a mass searching for social reintegration.

> Throughout the world today, apparently in whatever transition we may be making to new states of civilization, the mass man, the whole real people, approximate an accession to social power such as has not hitherto been recorded in the annals of man. Thus we come today to realize not only the historic significance of the people and their power, but in a day when the speed and sweep of technology have exceeded the capacity of even our most educated and widely experienced people, we face the problem of the great mass power of people, through communication and redistribution of wealth, clamoring for control, for reality, for quick readjustment, in a world which they little understand.

Leaders from Huey Long to Hitler and Gandhi are said to be products of this restlessness, and, so long as it exists, others will take their places if they falter or are destroyed.

The exact nature of this mass discomfort or vague, undirected aggression is not too clearly delineated. One receives the impression that it is a combination of two things: first, the blocking, or loss without compensation, of historically old and emotionally important ways of behaving (inability to marry because of economic conditions; loss of religious faith, etc.); second, the excessive demands placed on our organic structure by modern life. In any case, the solution, Professor Odum suggests, lies on the one hand in reintegrating agrarian life and, on the other, in decentralizing or "ruralizing" the city.

Regionalism derives its name from the fact that these important folk cultures are claimed to be more or less coterminous with geographic regions. A nation such as the United States comprises a number of these folk regions — Northeast, Southeast, Southwest, Middle States, Northwest, and Far West—each having a certain measurable geographic and cultural uniqueness. The impact of urban industrialism on folk society has, therefore, varied and will vary by regions rather than by such "artificial" political units as states or counties; hence the region becomes the basic unit for social study and planning. In a later chapter Professor Odum outlines a hierarchy of planning agencies for the United States, with the regional agencies serving to integrate the planning efforts of local governments, at the same time "safeguarding the people from federal overcentralization."

It must be stated, parenthetically, that such regionalistic theories have their opponents as well as their sponsors. Some geographers have gone so far as to "deny any sort of scientific validity to regional studies," according to the past president of the Association of American Geographers, himself a defender of regionalism. The test of a scientific position is, however, in its usefulness for understanding, anticipating, and controlling events in its corner of the empirical world, and no one has yet developed a method of predicting failure in this regard before the position has been formulated and tried. Most great scientific theories of the present are living proof of the baselessness of such alleged scientific pre-viewing.

"American Social Problems," as oriented around this regionalism, is a factual panorama of the American scene, somewhat impressionistically presented, rather than a factual handbook of such social pathologies as crime or mental disease. The emphasis is on the problems of normal rather than of abnormal people. There are sections on the *natural and cultural heritages* of the people, *the people* themselves (*elders, women, those who work, youth, the handicapped, etc.*), their *institutions* and their *testing grounds*. The author's wide and mature acquaintance with his country, his obvious love of the "American way," his colorful literary style and careful use of pictures and full-page regional tables make much of this good reading. His hope is that this panoramic survey, coupled with his continuous asking of questions, will send the reader to the bibliography in search of evidence for realistic answers. It is unfortunate that this aim is at times jeopardized by the unevenness of the chapters and by the author's occasional inability to control his descriptive zeal in the interests of communication, for example: "There was, moreover, in the American picture of the early 1930's the ever-recurring

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motif of contrast and paradox, inseparable in tempo and rhythm and power from that of chasm and contrast and quick moving change from old to new."

Realistic answers are, moreover, dependent upon theory as well as upon facts, and it is essential that such theory be stated as clearly as possible. This clarity is not always found in "American Social Problems." For example, community is defined both as an institution and as a "little society" with physical resources, people, and *institutions* of its own. Regionalism is described in one place as "a theory of cultural situations based upon and finding its basic theoretical importance in the fundamental considerations that all societies evolve from the region outward into larger groups and are conditioned by the circumstantial pressure of nature and the societal pressures exerted by the culture of the region." No doubt the author could unravel such confusing passages, but the test of a book is to have done it in the writing.

Regionalism is, however, worth knowing about, and "American Social Problems" provides an introduction to it. If "peace in our time" is ever to become more than a temporary lull between conflicts, such empirical social realism cannot be overlooked.

Raymond Bowers is on the faculty of the University of Rochester.

Reprints and New Editions

THE handsome Harbrace Editions offer more than full value for a modest price, and a wide variety of good reading. Most fascinating, perhaps, among recent additions to this series is Eugene Lyons's "Assignment in Utopia" ($1.69), in which the author tells the story of his six years—from the beginning of 1928 to the beginning of 1934—as United Press correspondent in Russia; the story of the gradual disillusionment of a devout communist, experienced at the heart of Soviet affairs, in the shadow of the Kremlin. Timely when it first appeared in 1937, this book is priceless now as a key to the understanding of Stalinism, as a background document that makes comprehensible the present course of Russian policy. There is sound scholarship, exciting history, and vigorous writing in Lloyd Lewis's "Sherman, Fighting Prophet" ($1.98), a thorough and dramatic biography of a soldier whose springs of action have been widely misunderstood. There is exciting history, too, in John Hyde Preston's "Revolution 1776" ($1.69); but in his effort to communicate excitement Mr. Preston writes always at the top of his lungs, and the effort, because of lack of modulation and just shades of emphasis, ends by almost defeating its purpose. In "The Black Napoleon" ($1.49), Percy Waxman has a unique story to tell—the story of Toussaint Louverture, whose mental processes were scarcely less remarkable than his physical exploits—and he has told it competently, without calculated sensationalism. As supplementary reading regarding Haiti, one may turn to William Seabrook's "The Magic Island" ($1.49), which relates the author's personal experiences with the weird rites and horrifying practices of Voodoo. Toussaint, by the way, loathed Voodoo and all its works.

Two volumes by M. R. Werner are solid contributions to the Harbrace collection: "Brigham Young" ($1.69), and "Barnum" ($1.69). The story of Mormonism is one of the strangest and most interesting chapters of our national history, and Mr. Werner, focussing his study upon the figure of Young, does the theme ample justice. It has often been said that Barnum could have risen and flourished only in America. Actually he is a distinguished member of a long line that reaches back into the shadows of prehistory. An expert showman and more than something of a charlatan, his Americanism consisted merely in adapting his talents to the scene in which he found himself. Constance Rourke's delightful biography of "Audubon" ($1.49), whose origin remains as mysterious as his achievements are plain to view, has all the charm of informed simplicity. In this Harbrace edition it is adorned by twelve colored plates from Audubon prints, and illustrated by black-and-whites by James Mac Donald. Elswyth Thane's "The Tudor Wench" ($1.49), has the engaging look of fictionalized biography, but into it went the careful research of the conscientious biographer and historian.

In the field of pure fiction the Harbrace Editions offer us Sinclair Lewis's "Main Street" ($1.29) and "Babbitt" ($1.29), Esther Forbes's "Paradise" ($1.29), and "Gaudy Night" ($1.29) by Dorothy Sayers. As we reread Lewis's first two popular successes we are surprised to find how much of them has remained in our memory since 1920 and 1922. They have lasted well so far; nor is their appeal simply that of photographs of the day before yesterday. They are still very much alive, and promise to live on. Esther Forbes may be artistically happier when following a simpler narrative line than that which twists and multiplies itself through "Paradise," but this novel of seventeenth-century New England is charged with drama, even melodrama, and contains some of the elements responsible for the vast popularity of "Gone With the Wind." "Gaudy Night" represents a late stage of a mystery writer who has been gradually corrupted by a passion for erudite exhibitionism.

The attractive and sturdy binding newly adopted by the Modern Library

The War to Date

HANDBOOK OF THE WAR. By John C. De Wilde, David H. Popper, and Eunice Clark. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1939. 248 *pp., with index.* $2.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

IF this book had been published in September, it would have rendered superfluous a great many tiresome and hysterical newspaper articles. Published at the rim of December, it not only tells the reader practically all he will need to know about military operations till the opening of the spring campaign brings the inevitable change in methods, but it also furnishes a valuable check on all forms of propaganda and semi-propaganda. For instance, the repeated stories about the British blockade and how it is already pinching Germany for food and raw materials. The authors have gone into some hundreds of market and statistical reports and emerged with the conclusion that while Germany could be starved out after a long pull, it would be so deliberate a business that the chances of a result more favorable to the Nazis are considerable.

Why, then, do we constantly hear of German difficulties about materials? Propaganda, very likely, the authors indicate in one of the most informative chapters ever published on this much-abused but obscure art, pointing out that it is a first principle of effective propaganda to convince national and neutral alike that one cannot lose. It should be noted that this, like other conclusions in the book, is presented as the result of statistics, not with statistics save those condensed into neat diagrammatic form. The authors have eaten the figures; this is the result in a narrative which is always well arranged and usually highly readable.

The remaining criterion is that of accuracy; and here there is small occasion for cavil. The chapters on the economics of war, the military geography of Europe, on armies and their training, the war in the air, bear up beautifully under every test applicable. Those on war finance, merchant shipping and what it means, and on national resources are even brilliant —remarkably effective syntheses of matters otherwise scattered through scores of obscure sources. Only the brief chapters on the war as it affects the defence of America and the naval problem are below the top cut of the roast; and in the first of these cases the reason would appear to be that the American position has not yet developed to clarity. On the naval side the authors show a disposition to tot up tonnages instead of estimating the more important questions of training and morale, but this is a minor blot on the best general summary of the war so far.

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makes its first appearance, appropriately enough, clothing two of our sturdiest contemporary literary talents. Bound in red, with black label and gold stamping, we have "Six Plays of Clifford Odets;" bound in gray, with blue label and gold stamping, we have John Steinbeck's "In Dubious Battle" (ninety-five cents each). These writers are both realists possessed by a strong poetic instinct that lifts them from the detailed, factual prose of life to its more universal, singing significance. At their best, they make the ascent without jar or jolt to their readers; at their occasional worst, the transition may seem a little strained. The six plays of Odets —"Waiting for Lefty," "Awake and Sing!," "Till the Day I Die," "Paradise Lost," "Golden Boy," and "Rocket to the Moon"—represent the body of his achievement to date; and the achievement is at once highly original and impressive. "In Dubious Battle" (1936) speaks for the John Steinbeck who was on his way towards writing "The Grapes of Wrath." There is a power in this story of California's migratory workers that foreshadows a later, fuller power, and the action of the narrative is compelling. But the novel suffers from an absence of appealing characters. Jim, the recent convert to communism, is too much of an innocent to be interesting, and his sudden access of inspired strength is less than convincing. Mac—the Party agitator who does not care how many blindly led men are killed in a strike, so long as he manages to stir up trouble for the bosses and keep labor in a ferment —can scarcely enlist the sympathies of any readers but those whose emotions have been strait-jacketed by the discipline of the Comintern.

Among recent additions to the clearly printed, handy Pocket Books (twenty-five cents each) are Pearl Buck's "The Good Earth," Edna Ferber's "Show Boat," "The Great Short Stories of de Maupassant," Dickens's "A Tale of Two Cities," and Dorothea Brande's "Wake Up and Live." Mrs. Buck's substantial novel has a great reputation, and the list of its printings is one at which to marvel. For western readers it combines the appeal of exotic detail with that of an essential theme singular to no one age or country. "Show Boat" is a costume piece, mechanical rather than alive; but it is the work of an expert craftsman, and one wonders how much the artificiality of the life described is responsible for the seeming artificiality of the narrative. The thirty-six stories by Maupassant form a representative selection. All good Dickensians will of course inform you that "A Tale of Two Cities" is not "Dickens," but even they must agree with the rest of the world that it is one of the best of the world's rattling good yarns. Most "success books" are offensive in one way or another to a realistic reader. "Wake up and Live" is a rare exception which combines much uncommon-sense with many genuinely stimulating suggestions.

B. R. R.

The New Books

Art

AMERICAN PAINTING TODAY. With an Essay by Forbes Watson. Washington: The American Federation of Arts. 1939. $4.50.

If this volume can claim superiority among the astonishingly numerous picture-books now being issued, it is in part because of the intelligence which governed the choice of its two hundred and fifty-nine illustrations, in part because Forbes Watson has written its introductory essay. By his training as an art critic and editor of *The Arts,* and by first-hand acquaintance, as Adviser to the FWA Section of Fine Arts, with recent experiments in governmental patronage, Mr. Watson is prepared to speak with a genuine sense of the meaning of those experiments, and is refreshingly free from the extreme and unripe nationalism of many champions of "Americanism" in art. The excellent reproductions neglect no important figure in their survey of "ten good years of American painting," years which, according to Mr. Watson, are "laying the foundations of a great body of art." As he concludes, "there is a difference between times when many paint well, and a great movement produces great artists in the midst of the many, and times when progress is marked by single lonely individuals. This is the difference at which we have arrived. It is a great difference."

O. L.

Biography

BLUEJACKET. By Fred J. Buenzle. Norton. 1939. 363 *pp., with index.* $3.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A TULE SAILOR. By Capt. John Leale. San Francisco: George Fields. 1939. 311 *pp., with index.*

The recollections of old-time sailormen, on land and sea, make generally interesting reading. And when they deal with eras now completely vanished, with the transition from sail to steam, and with the intimate details of their daily life, well and fondly lived, they go beyond interest and into valuable historical data, as first hand commentaries on the adolescence of the American Navy and Merchant Marine.

Such salty stuff, with a good deal of nostalgia, streaks the pages of the books under review. Mr. Buenzle served more than half a century in the American Navy, before he retired as Chief Yeoman, and during his lifetime he managed to survive the tradition-and-training-blasting changes that marked the switch from creaking blocks to rumbling boilers. One of the last native American youths to be completely trained in sailing ships, he tells an absorbing tale from the seaman's side of the Navy, that covers many seas, from the period just following the Civil War through the Spanish-American engagements. His fight for recognition of the honor of the naval service by all fellow Americans, did more to popularize it with American seamen than the modernization it underwent.

In contrast to the deep-water exploits and shell-fire remembrances of "Bluejacket," Captain Leale spent the greater part of his life in the shoal water and giant cat-tails, called tules, of San Francisco Bay. He traveled more than a million miles over it, as ferryboat captain; and in this posthumous autobiography there is a philosophy of a man who loved the smell of the sea and yet was too fond of the land and people on its shores to stay away long from the ideal combination. He knew the people who rode back and forth from the city that fire and earthquake devastated, and became a practising psychologist—as in his statement on the countless suicide attempts that were made from the ferryboats: "I don't ever recall having a 'jumper' in foggy weather." An acknowledged authority on early steamboating in the west, he lived to the very end of his romantic era. The story is a first-hand account of ferryboating that has never before been told, and will never be surpassed, for the era is no more.

L. C. H.

International

BATTLE AGAINST TIME. By Heinrich Hauser. Scribner's. 1939. 386 *pp., with index.* $3.

Heinrich Hauser, who is evidently an opponent of the Hitler régime, has risen above prejudice in this book and has produced a generally well balanced survey of many aspects of the new Germany. By way of introduction he has written a striking pen portrait of Berlin under the Nazis, in a chapter which epitomizes the Third Reich. On the surface he sees impressive, top-speed construction in accordance with a grandiose plan; beneath it he discerns enormous human and material costs and a tension bordering on exhaustion.

Mr. Hauser is at his best in reviewing the economic history of National Socialism. Without minimizing such achievements as the elimination of unemployment and the enhancement of labor's dignity, he stresses the lowering of living standards and the bondage of both labor and capital to the Nazi bureaucracy. Without neglecting the technical and administrative accomplishments of the four-year plan, he reveals the maladjustment, deterioration of plant and morale, and the graft which have accompanied them. For agriculture, automobile manufacture, and highway construction, the

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upbuilding of the German armed forces and the expansion in Eastern Europe, "Battle against Time" contains the same careful evaluation of credits against debits. In each case the sacrifice has been enormous.

Can a nation already under such fearful strain withstand the added exactions of a grueling war? In Mr. Hauser's opinion the answer is in the negative. After six years of Nazi rule, the idealistic content of National Socialism has evaporated. A gap has been opened between the omnipotent bureaucracy and the people. Morally and economically the country is on the verge of collapse. Germany will go down to defeat; a bloody revolution may follow. However, the author hopes that their painful absence since 1933 has taught the German public to cherish liberty and justice. Whether or not this is wishful thinking, the book is well worth reading for its insight into the condition of a people which has tasted despair.

D. H. P.

Miscellaneous

GRANDFATHER WAS QUEER. Early American Wags and Eccentrics from Colonial Times to the Civil War. By Richardson Wright. Lippincott. 1939. 358 *pp., with index.* $3.

Mr. Wright here hangs up his shovel and his hoe and takes the screwballs out of the mothballs. Some of his characters—Lord Timothy Dexter, for example—are familiar figures; others—such as Prince Grippy, the Hag of Plymouth, Henry the Holy Shouter, the brethren of the Society of the Woman in the Wilderness, and the Leather Man—will be novelties to all but the most earnest explorers of the lunatic fringe. There are chapters on the general store, the tavern, and the barber-shop as the center where the lore of eccentricity flourished most hardily. There is a fascinating section on cave-dwellers and solitaries, some of whose members formed a veritable "catacomb aristocracy," in Mr. Wright's phrase. It all makes most salutary and comforting as well as pleasant entertainment. Every age is likely to think that its own psychopathological exemplars are more egregious than any that have gone before. Praise Heaven, it just isn't so.

J. T. W.

Music

FOLK SONGS OF OLD NEW ENGLAND. Compiled by Eloise Hubbard Linscott. Macmillan. 1939. 337 *pp.* $5.

THE NEW GREEN MOUNTAIN SONGSTER. Compiled by Helen H. Flanders, Elizabeth F. Ballard, George Brown & Phillips Barry. Yale University Press. 1939. 278 *pp.* $3.50.

The rather surprising thing about two separate collections of New England popular songs, assembled along similarly catholic lines at about the same time, is that they should be so very different. "Folk Songs of Old New England," to be sure, includes country-dance tunes and singing games neglected by the "New Green Mountain Songster." The more scholarly approach of the compilers of the latter has led them to include certain examples of popular balladry seldom found on the lips of living singers. Yet it is remarkable that of 102 songs in the Green Mountain collection, only three should find their way into that of Miss Linscott; nor would it be difficult for any New Englander to think of half a dozen airs that have been omitted from both — "The Captain with His Whiskers," "Peeping through the Knot-hole" and "The Old Grey Mare," for example.

Perhaps the answer lies in the inexhaustible nature of folk balladry itself, some clue to which is furnished by a comparison of the two volumes. The late Phillips Barry, who did much of the work on the Green Mountain collection, was interested in survivals; never so happy as when he could find one of Percy's Reliques still in circulation, or dredge the memory of an oldest inhabitant for a tune that had fled from every other mind. Miss Linscott, on the other hand, set out to produce "a songbook you can take to the piano" and came out with a collection not only more choral in character, but also more modern in temper.

In what does this modernity consist? On the basis of the two collections presented here, it would appear to be mainly a shift away from the dolorous old one-man songs about dying lovers, murders, and hard-hearted parents, and toward the nonsense song with a jolly good tune. But this is a deduction specialists rather than reviewers will be called on to make. They are both good books, "Folk Songs of Old New England" the better if you wish to sing, the other if you wish to read and ponder.

F. P.

The Criminal Record

In the absence of new detective fiction, the Hon. Judge reverts to his annual custom of relisting the six (count 'em) best of the year.

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
A COFFIN FOR DIMITRIOS *Eric Ambler* (Knopf: $2.)	English detective-story writer in Istanbul, fascinated by corpse fished from Bosphorus, traces its crime-stained past.	Nothing was too wicked for Dimitrios and his investigator's ultimate discovery will make readers' optics bulge.	Masterpiece
THE CRYING SISTERS *Mabel Seeley* (Crime Club: $2.)	Vacationing Minnesota libarian takes up with blackbrowed mystery man and charming child—thus tangling herself in mass murder.	Mystery-melodrama adroitly handled, with killer's surprising identity revealed in as spectacular a finish as you'll find anywhere.	Grand
STRAWSTACK *Dorothy Cameron Disney* (Random House: $2.)	Nurse in Md. home found strangled in burning rick. Young doctor and his sister later succumb. Insp. Chant suspects everybody.	Good characters, breathless "build-up," shivery atmosphere, intricate plot, believable sleuth, and simple but unexpected solution.	Brilliant
OVERTURE TO DEATH *Ngaio Marsh* (Furman: $2.)	Pom! *Pom!* POM!! went Rachmaninoff prelude and acidulous English spinster executant toppled off piano stool dead. R. Alleyn elucidates.	Identity of killer not very deep secret. Otherwise superbly wrought and cleverly contrived yarn with intriguing psychological overtones.	Unexcelled
THE PROBLEM OF THE GREEN CAPSULE *John Dickson Carr* (Harpers: $2.)	Meaningless envenomings of English village innocents entangle pretty girl, whose uncle and rejected suitor die fantastically. Enter Dr. Fell.	Most intricate and sinister puzzle in months, worked out step by step with devastating logic. Explanation demands very close attention.	Superbaffler
THE FOOTPRINTS ON THE CEILING *Clayton Rawson* (Putnam: $2.)	Poisoned corpse of agoraphobic heiress found in East River island mansion 'neath solemarked ceiling. Merlini unmagicks 3 incredible killings.	Encyclopedically fascinating, with amazing bits about sunken treasure, catalepsy, "the bends," assorted poisons—also gun-play and sky-high suspense.	Immense!
THE SPIDER STRIKES *Michael Innes* (Dodd Mead: $2.50)	English thriller-writer plagued by increasingly sinister pranks of his pet character, who unaccountably comes to life. Scotland Yarder explains all.	Action-hounds warned off. Litr'y folk who appreciate huge erudition, fantastic characters, Beckfordian castles and cerebral thrills most cordially invited.	Caviar—Best Grade

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

WE are always interested to hear of the progress of the Human Engineering Laboratory (347 Beacon Street, Boston) which now also has branches in Chicago and at Stevens Institute, Hoboken. The laboratory says that with its present staff it should soon be able to test 11,000 persons annually. ☞It now recognizes 13 distinct human "aptitudes," but thinks there may eventually prove to be as many as there are chemical elements, perhaps about 100. ☞The Laboratory's list of publications is worth study; Old Q. finds himself tempted by the report on *English Vocabulary Scores of 75 Executives,* but this was evidently popular; it is out of print. ☞Other titles: *Stimulus Words and Common Responses; The Many-Aptitude Student; The Tweezer Dexterity Test;* and (this might be misunderstood) *A Two-Year Follow-Up of Graduate Nurses. Unsolved Business Problems* is, quite reasonably, still in preparation. ☞The *News Letter* published by the newly formed College English Association (Burges Johnson, editor; Union College, Schenectady) prints an admirable letter from Willa Cather agreeing with Henry Canby (and others) that contemporary literature is not desirable as subject matter for college courses. ☞She says with truth, "A fine taste for literature is largely a matter of ear, and is as rare as absolute pitch in music." ☞A good deal of the best reading matter costs nothing except the trouble to ask for it; for instance *Word Study,* the bulletin of G. & C. Merriam Company, which is sent free to any English teacher who requests it. ☞Our own literary education, for whatever it is worth, was mostly garnered from booksellers' catalogues.

☞Old Q. had the pleasure of a (literally) flying visit to Chicago and Minneapolis a week before Christmas. The weather was malarkey (Chicargot for goofy) but in spite of balmy temperatures the Trade was very busy. ☞Old Q.'s greatest personal pleasures, perhaps, were in hearing that Vincent Starrett's volume of Sherlockiana *221-B* is now definitely scheduled for January 30 (Macmillan); in having a book autographed for him by Mr. A. Kroch, the distinguished bookseller (episode filable as man-bites-dog or canivorous); and in being allowed to speak at the 50th anniversary dinner for the Minneapolis Public Library. The meeting was specially in honor of the former librarian Miss Gratia Countryman, so Old Q. could not resist beginning his palaver "Friends, Romans,—." ☞Miss Countryman reported, among many other interesting reminiscences, that the first book taken out from the Minneapolis P. L. when it opened in December, 1889, was *Little Lord Fauntleroy* (white collar boy).

☞We are specially pleased by the article by Frank Jewett Mather, Jr. on *Winslow Homer as a Book Illustrator,* in the Princeton University Library Chronicle, edited by Lawrance Thompson. Among other famous cuts Mr. Mather reproduces Homer's illustration for the Charge of the Light Brigade which made a clear impression on us in childhood. ☞Presumably we found it in that famous old illustrated Tennyson from Houghton Mifflin. ☞Not to have been raised on the Houghton Mifflin classics of the 90's was to have been poor indeed. ☞It always amused us to find A. B. Frost, whom we thought of as an Uncle Remus fellow, illustrating Tennyson. ☞To do p i c t u r e s for Tennyson's poems was tops for all good draughtsmen of the 90's. ☞Philip Duschnes' copyrighted checklist, *10 Years of the Limited Editions Club,* makes an interesting chart of the lively printers, designers and illustrators of 1929-1939. ☞One of the few Ltd Edns Club volumes that never had a preface was Chaucer's *Troilus and Cressida,* and that was one of the few prefaces Old Q. would have liked to do himself. ☞Our time-lag is always large; it has taken us five years to get round to the Columbia University Quarterly of December, 1934, in which Dr. William H. Woglom wrote a delightful piece about *Mr. Pepys His Eyes.* ☞Dr. Woglom believes that Pepys's eye trouble was far-sightedness plus astigmatism, and he was just 150 years too early to get the right treatment.

☞Harold W. Thompson's rich and lively collection of York State folklore, *Body, Boots & Britches,* arrives from L i p p i n c o t t just in time for Christmas. The John Mistletoe Bookshop in Albany celebrated its 5th birthday by dispatching nearly 100 copies of Professor Thompson's book for Christmas stockings in the patroon country. ☞An interesting discovery in early New York cartography appears in the latest catalogue from Wm. H. Robinson, 16 Pall Mall. London. It is Comberford's chart of the Atlantic, on vellum 28 x 39 inches, done in 1650 and giving the New York coast line as copied from the lost map of Henry Hudson. ☞According to the cataloguer this adds a fourth to the three previously known charts copied from Hudson. It is offered at £250. ☞This is good book browsing season in New England, we always like the sound of Charles E. Tuttle's 150,000 secondhand volumes on South Main Street in Rutland, Vermont. A sleety winter dusk is comfortable for rummaging; we wonder if anyone has discovered that first edition of *Walden* Tuttle lists at $50. ☞Glad to hear from Clifford Laube that of the 1,000 copies of his home-printed volume *Crags* less than 400 remain; the venture enabled him to print and publish a book of verse by Jessica Powers, *The Lantern Burns.* Mr. Laube calls his basement workshop The Monastine Press (107-06 103rd Ave., Richmond Hill, L. I.) and says "it has a definite job to do and I am going to be arbitrary about it." That's the right spirit. ☞Old Q. celebrated the recent refreshed interest in Art Young by buying (at the Gotham Book Mart) a copy of Young's admirable little book on Thomas Rowlandson, who was one of Art Young's spiritual forebears. ☞We first became aware of Rowlandson when we were a college freshman and discovered *Dr. Syntax* at Leary's in Philadelphia. We wonder what college freshmen discover nowadays?

Your Literary I. Q.

QUIZ No. 6

By Howard Collins

10 FAMOUS GIRLS

Described below are ten little girls who never grew up because they were brain children instead of real children. How many of them do you recognize? Allow 5 points for each one that you know by name, and another 5 if you remember the book in which she appeared and the author that created her. Par is 70, 80 is good, 90 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 22.

1. This l i t t l e girl's chief talents were singing, dancing, lying, and stealing.

2. She was nine years old and small for her age, being not over thirty feet in height.

3. She was fond of bread-and-butter-and-brown-sugar covered with applesauce.

4. A sweet and pure little girl, she wandered about England in the company of her penniless grandfather.

5. This very young actress was continually acclaimed as a most remarkable genius by her adoring parents.

6. A most obedient little girl, she was fond of weeping and of her doting papa.

7. This golden-haired little girl toddled through the snow to take refuge with a friendless miser.

8. A trusting soul, she followed the directions on every bottle with surprising results.

9. She once caused some embarrassment by saying that her mother found her on a rosebush.

10. An orphan, she earned her board and keep by washing dishes, dusting, baking bread, and taking care of other children.

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Records in Review

BY EDWARD TATNALL CANBY

AFTER-CHRISTMAS buyers will be interested in a group of works of the Haydn-Mozart period. Musicraft has issued a concerto by J. C. Bach, youngest son of J. S. (*Harpsichord Concerto in E flat major;* Ralph Kirkpatrick. Mus 38 $3.50.) Here, within the scope of a string quartet and harpsichord, is the concerto form of Mozart, Beethoven, the Romantics, complete in all essential aspects, even to the bravura cadenza. It is characteristic of the eighteenth century that, though this piece represents an almost complete break with the two-hundred-year tradition culminating with the composer's father, there is never a sign of indecision or clumsiness. Only a shallowness of thought marks the new era's infancy. Two fine examples of the greatest music in the new style pioneered by the Bach sons are Haydn's *D major Symphony, number 104* (V M517; $5) and Mozart's *"Linz" Symphony, number 36.* (Col. M-387; $5.50). The "Linz" Symphony is not as well known in this country as its numerical neighbors, but is equally fine; the Haydn #104 is the last and probably the greatest he wrote, especially for the almost Wagnerian introduction to the first movement. Of the two performances Beecham's Mozart is definitely superior to Fischer's Haydn. Careful listeners will notice poor ensemble, bad attacks, uneven string tone in the latter. Both are well worth the money for the average listener. Left over from last month is Mozart's *Divertimento #17, K.334.* (Col M-379; $7.50.) Similar to number 10 reviewed last month, this recording is for quartet and horns, as scored. Unfortunately the balance is poor and the first violin unduly tremulous. The excerpts (full orchestra) played by Harty (Col M-207; $4.50) are probably a better bet.

The problem of children's music is brought up by a fine recording of Ravel's *Mother Goose Suite.* (Barlow, Col X151; $3.50.) Give them this—it's fine music—but consider that children react quickly to beauty simply and directly expressed, whether musically or otherwise, that to sugar-coat music for them via story-telling is to imply that music is a bitter pill. Children—thank heavens—don't know that Bach is reputedly difficult, and have far less trouble liking him than some of their elders. Try Handel's *Water Music Suite* (Col X 13) on your youngest child. **** Perhaps the outstanding set of the year was the first complete modern recording of Stravinsky's *Petrouchka,* performed by Stokowski and the Philadelphians. I was glad to find that "Stoky" does not treat Stravinsky as he does Bach; in fact there is little to choose between Stravinsky's own performance for Columbia ("concert version") and the present one, and for once Higher Fidelity is a virtue rather than an annoyance. Though it seems almost old-fashioned now, this work has plenty of life left. We are impressed not so much by its dissonance and barbarity as by its terrific energy, its masterly construction and brilliant orchestration. No one can yet judge Stravinsky's ultimate greatness, but can anyone, hearing this work, fail to see why he is considered the most powerful figure in contemporary music?

Edward Kilyeni, twenty-six year old Philadelphia pianist of Hungarian ancestry, plays *14 Chopin Waltzes* for Columbia (M 390; $7.50). Some of them are familiar, notably the C sharp minor, but most will be new and interesting to many listeners. These waltzes are a strange combination of the introverted, aristocratic pallor so often called "Chopinesque" and the gay spontaneous rhythm made famous by the Strausses; sometimes one prevails, sometimes another, but the Viennese spirit finds the going rather hard. Kilyeni's performance is unusually fine. His touch is light, but this serves to highlight the introspective beauties, soft-pedal the occasional vulgarities. Like the Mozart Divertimenti these were never written to be played all of a piece; sample one or two at a time for the best effect. **** A brief hearing of Walter Piston's *Quartet No. 1* (Col M 388; $5) left a very favorable impression. In the front rank of American composers, Piston can hold a number of candles to Hindemith, Alban Berg, and other European composers of chamber music. His harmony, while as dissonant as Hindemith's, seems to me to be more solid, more structural; Hindemith places too much emphasis on motival material. This set is especially recommended for the timid; it is quite easy to listen to, yet never superficial. **** The latest Negro sensation, Dorothy Maynor, comes hot from the press with two Schubert songs, *Ave Maria* and *Gretchen am Spinnrade* (V 15752). Miss Maynor has an appealing quality, but in this first record she seems over-strained, and she "scoops" too often for comfort. The first Anderson records were a similar disappointment (undoubtedly our expectations were unreasonably high) and so I look forward to more Maynor.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ No. 6

1. Topsy, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Harriet Beecher Stowe.
2. Glumdalclitch, in "Gulliver's Travels" (the voyage to Brobdingnag), by Swift.
3. Jane Baxter, in "Seventeen," by Booth Tarkington.
4. Little Nell, in "The Old Curiosity Shop," by Dickens.
5. The Infant Phenomenon, in "Nicholas Nickleby," by Dickens.
6. "Elsie Dinsmore," by Martha Finley.
7. Eppie, in "Silas Marner," by George Eliot.
8. Alice, in "Alice in Wonderland," by Lewis Carroll.
9. Pearl, in "The Scarlet Letter," by Hawthorne.
10. "Little Orphant Annie," by James Whitcomb Riley.

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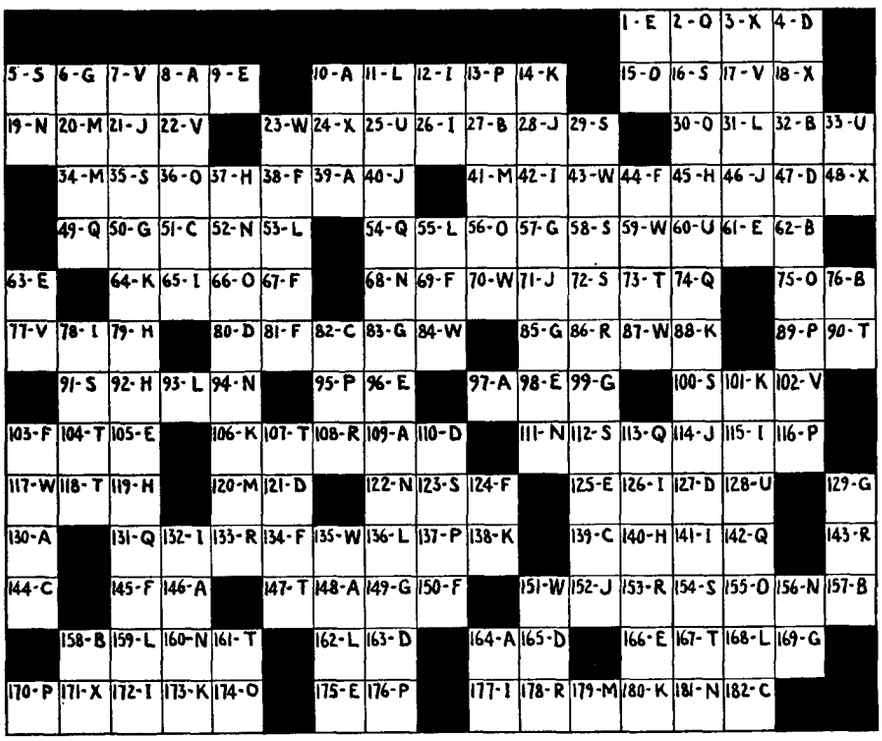

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 17 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Background of Arnold Bennett's novels (2 wds.)

B. Dark and threatening.

C. Character in "Measure for Measure."

D. Collection of miracle plays.

E. Onyx, agate, carnelian.

F. Remote (3 wds.)

G. Character in "Antony and Cleopatra."

H. Stimulus (colloq.)

I. Ungodly.

J. Personification of retributive justice (Gr.)

K. Doubly sharp (comp.)

L. Crippled, disabled.

M. Merits by labor or service.

N. Ponders, reflects.

O. Observed officially.

P. Petulant.

Q. Character in "The Mikado."

R. Author of "Satire Against Virtue."

S. Primary; important.

T. Ritualistic Japanese drama (2 wds.)

U. Black.

V. Chaucer's contemporary.

W. Pleasure-seekers.

X. Hungarian wine.

WORDS

130 164 8 39 97 148 10 146 109

27 76 158 157 32 62

144 51 139 82 182

127 121 80 165 163 47 110 4

125 98 63 61 1 9 105 175 96 166

81 145 38 69 103 134 44 124 150 67

99 50 129 6 57 169 85 149 83

37 92 140 119 45 79

132 141 65 78 172 126 26 115 12 42 177

46 28 114 21 40 152 71

138 106 101 14 173 64 88 180

11 31 162 93 53 159 168 55 136

34 179 20 120 41

156 181 68 52 19 160 94 122 111

2 155 174 30 36 56 75 66 15

116 89 176 170 95 13 137

74 54 113 142 49 131

108 153 133 178 86 143

100 112 123 29 5 35 154 58 72 16 91

104 167 107 161 73 118 147 90

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